

The Bismarck Tribune.

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SAVAGE SIOUX.

One Hundred and Fifty Well Armed and Mounted Warriors Have Left the Hostile Camp.

Great Excitement at Standing Rock, the Cannon Ball and Along the Frontier.

The Indians After Human Hair, the Blood of the Buffalo, or Both.

Troops Sent Out From Forts Yates and Lincoln in Pursuit of the Red Skins.

Bloodthirsty Sioux.

News was received in Bismarck yesterday evening of a rather sensational nature, which fully endorses the position taken by the TRIBUNE in reference to anticipate trouble from the 7,000 Indians congregated at Standing Rock, and the necessity for more troops at Forts Lincoln and Yates. Early in the evening the report became current that a large number of the young warriors had left the agency yesterday morning, and completely armed and well mounted, had started off in a northwesterly direction in search of

buffalo or scalp. The report that soldiers had started in pursuit with positive orders to compel their return at any hazard also became current, and great indignation was expressed over the fact that the government had failed to heed the repeated warnings and had thus placed the life of every frontier settler in jeopardy. In order to ascertain the truth or falsity of the rumors, a TRIBUNE emissary immediately started on the reportorial war path, and was not long in gleaming authentic information which led to the belief that serious trouble may be anticipated. Mr. Barney McAlley, the stage driver, who arrived with the Fort Yates mail at a late hour was first sought but could not be found. He had, however, upon his arrival, stated to his employer, Mr. Geo. Peoples, that before he left Standing Rock yesterday,

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY INDIANS mostly young bucks, had left the agency and had in some unaccountable manner procured plenty of arms and ammunition, and being well mounted, had started off in a northwesterly direction across the country. As soon as this movement was discovered, Colonel Gilbert had started out 20 cavalrymen in pursuit, and had forwarded a dispatch asking Col. Tilford, of Fort Lincoln, to send out the largest force available to head them off between the Cannon Ball and the Black Hills road, and compel them to return at any hazard. This was all the information that could be gleaned from Mr. McGinley, but his story was fully corroborated by a soldier from Fort Lincoln in the city last evening, and from the information sent in by the outgoing stage driver. The soldier in question stated that Col. Tilford had received a dispatch from the commanding officer at Fort Yates, as stated above, and in response had quickly dispatched ten mounted men.

UNDER COMMAND OF SERGEANT MULLEN. Lieut. English commanded another squad of men that were sent out shortly afterward. Before they had left the fort news had been received that on the night previous the Indians had raided several ranches in the vicinity of the Cannon Ball, and had entered cabins and carried away food and anything else that they happened to desire. No reports of murders were received although it was said that a few of the timid settlers had vacated their homes after the raid was made and were so thoroughly frightened that they

DARE NOT RETURN. At the early hour that the cavalry men were sent out it was not known whether the Indians were absent from the agency by permission of the agent or not, but the instructions were to "bring them in, pass or no pass." Neither was the number of the blood thirsty red skins that were roaming about definitely known, the stage driver reporting them at 150 and others estimating their numbers as high as 500.

Enough was known, however, to make it apparent that whether on a peaceable buffalo hunt or

ON THE WAR PATH. it was nothing less than a ridiculous farce to send out thirty men to attempt to compel them to return. Such action although the very best that the command-

ing officers could do with the troops at their disposal, was simply jeopardizing the lives of the soldiers and placing a terrible temptation in the pathway of the hostiles to scalp the entire rank and file and proceed with the murder until every settler and ranchman between themselves and the 3,000 Indians that have

JUST CROSSED THE BRITISH LINE had sacrificed his life. The idiotic policy of the Interior and War Department in their treatment of the Indian question is a subject for ridicule and supreme contempt. One department sends out ten armed men to capture 100 equally well armed savages, and after a few lives are sacrificed in the attempt, turns the prisoners of war over to the other department to feed and clothe, and lionize and support in idleness, and finally re-arm and equip them for a repetition of their atrocities.

At present the situation is a threatening one, not to communities like Bismarck, Mandan and Glendive, but to the pioneer settlers and ranchmen that

ARE ENTITLED TO PROTECTION in their honest endeavors to settle up and develop the country. With the number of men stationed at Forts Lincoln and Yates that these garrisons can easily accommodate, all danger is quickly eliminated and the situation can be easily and economically commanded. To an individual the truth of these statements is self evident. But before the government will take prompt action in the matter and recognize the rights of the people, it may be necessary to wait until a score or more of innocent men, women and children have been brutally massacred.

Dakota's Penitentiary.

The territorial penitentiary, which has been located one and a half miles north of Sioux Falls on a high plat of ground overlooking that city, will soon be under course of construction. We learn from the Yankton Press of the 2d inst. that the board of directors of this institution have just completed the final details for the erection of that improvement, and the plans of the architect were accepted. The plans show an imposing structure, consisting of a main building and one wing. All of this is to be built from the territorial appropriation of \$50,000. It is the design to erect the entire edifice and to finish so much of the inside work as the appropriation will permit. This is the plan adopted in the construction of the insane asylum, and it is thought the building can be made to meet present necessities with the means at hand. The plan of the penitentiary contemplates the construction of a second wing by the United States government should the appropriation made by the last congress for that purpose prove available.

The Arrest of Capt. Howgate.

Capt. Henry W. Howgate, recently of the signal service, has been arrested in Michigan and taken to Washington. The complaint on which he was arrested charges him with embezzeling at different times in 1879 the separate sums of \$12,600, \$11,800, \$4,000 and \$12,000. The complaint was made on the 13th, the complainant being A. B. Newcomb, special agent of the department of justice at Washington. The complaint is not very specific, but the facts are these: The signal service department telegraphic bills are very large, and vouchers to amounts as large as \$10,000 to \$12,000 are often made out to pay the Western Union Telegraph company. The company furnish blanks for the purpose, and while the exact method of the alleged crime cannot be stated, it can be said that Capt. Howgate is charged with making out false telegraph vouchers to the above amounts.

Tender Love.

A touching story of tender love comes to us from a town not many miles from this place, but which must be, under the circumstances, nameless. A beautiful young girl became engaged to a gallant Union officer. At the close of the war he went to California to seek his fortune. She ignored all advances from scores of suitors and patiently waited his return, feeling confidence in his keeping true to her. No years passed, and even a few grey hairs began to show themselves among her brown tresses, while her friends no longer pitied, but ridiculed her for refusing all advances from other desirable sources. Lately her fidelity was rewarded. The lover of her girlhood has returned from California, bronzed, bearded and a millionaire with a wife and

BLAZING AT BUFFALO.

The Practice Innocently Indulged in by a Couple of Newspaper Men.

Nine Unsuspecting Bison Come in Gun-shot Range and are Among the Things that Were.

Thousands of Buffalo but Twenty Miles From Glendive, the Great Metropolis.

The Country About Glendive and the Encouraging Prospects for a Good City.

The Buffalo Range.

One would scarcely expect to find vast herds of buffalo within a few hours' ride of Bismarck. Yet such is the case. A party consisting of W. E. Curtis, managing editor of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, Mr. Kepler, of Ashtabula, Ohio, and Col. Lounsbury, of the Bismarck TRIBUNE, left Bismarck on Wednesday last for the Yellowstone country. Arriving at Glendive at 7 p. m., they were captured by the officers from Col. Merrill's headquarters and invited to join in a buffalo hunt the next day. At seven a. m. the hunting party consisting of the persons named above, accompanied by Lieut. J. D. Mann and privates Fessmire and Davis, of the Seventh cavalry, left Glendive for the buffalo range, about twenty miles north, which they struck at half past 11 a. m. The buckboard and camp outfit was left in charge of private Davis. Lieut. Mann and private Fessmire mounted the horses, waiting however, until the herd

WAS PUT IN MOTION by shots from Curtis, Kepler and Lounsbury, when they dashed forward, riding upon them and shooting them down after the Indian style. Lieut. Mann on this chase killed three and the soldier three. Curtis and Kepler followed and were lost in the dust kicked up by the fleeing herd, first getting in several good shots, however. Lounsbury plunged madly to the left on foot to head off the herd, knowing it must take that course because of the formation of the country. He succeeded in separating half a dozen from the herd, and though the bulls formed a line and showed a disposition to contest the ground, the fearful waste of ammunition from Lounsbury's gun frightened them and they stampeded only to rush into the

JAWS OF DEATH held wide open by private Fessmire. His fourth buffalo fell here. Lounsbury continued the chase and became lost to all sense of hunger, thirst or danger, and finally to the party, from which he was absent several hours. He persists he never was so glad to see a man as he was to see Fessmire coming with a lead horse for his benefit, except when Curtis came up a few minutes later carrying a well filled flask. The point, where this affair occurred was promptly named Brandy Butte or the place where the lost editor found his budge. It was 5 p. m. and Glendive twenty miles away the course home, passing over a trackless prairie. Three buffalo were so unwise as to follow this course. Davis got in a shot which broke a leg, but the animals plunged forward, followed by buckboard and horsemen, and two of the three were killed, all getting in telling shots. Fessmire and Davis were left in charge of the buffalo and Mann drove into camp, which was reached at 11 p. m., but never by a more hungry or tired party of animals. Other features of the chase will more fully appear in the Inter-Ocean, written up in Curtis' happiest style. Lounsbury, in his wanderings, was once taken for a buffalo bull, and Kepler's shots came uncomfortably close to him; and once a buffalo bull was taken for Lounsbury, and the mistake was only discovered when he refused to recognize

THE CALL FOR REFRESHMENTS. The party was absent from 7 a. m. till 11 p. m. They saw five herds, killed nine animals, and might have killed a score or more of antelope and jack rabbits without number, had they been hunting that kind of game. Hundreds of the former were seen.

SINCE THE INDIANS LEFT THE REGION north of the Yellowstone, the buffalo have returned to the excellent grazing region near Glendive. One was encountered within seven miles of the vil-

lage, and some are said to have crossed the river, and have wandered over into the Little Missouri region, indeed a few were seen on the Cannon Ball a few days ago within thirty miles of Bismarck. There is probably no place in the United States where buffalo can be so readily reached. The herds which in former years roamed over the plains of Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska and Dakota have passed on west. Millions have been killed. At least 150,000 robes have been shipped east via Bismarck this year from the region northwest of this point. If the present rate of destruction is continued the race will be extinct within a few years. The government ought to aid, in some way to protect, and, if possible to domesticate them.

This trip gave a fine opportunity to examine THE COUNTRY NORTH OF GLENDIVE. It proves to be equal to the best in the Missouri Valley. It is comparatively level, the soil is deep and rich, and the luxuriant growth of grass adapts it particularly to stock-growing, for which Montana has become so famous. On the way out the party met and talked with Alfred Myers and N. W. Comford, both engaged in the

CATTLE BUSINESS. Comford went to Washington Territory less than six years ago from Bismarck with a capital of \$200. He reached Glendive last fall with a herd of 600. These he has turned into money, and is ready for further investment. Mr. Myers was loading a herd of several hundred head of cattle at Keith, 148 miles west of Bismarck, and he informed the TRIBUNE commissioner that cattle would be shipped via the North Pacific this year as follows: Alfred Meyers & Bro 3,000; W. H. Martin 1,700; Wells Bros. 700; Ming & Guthrie 1,500; Frat & Wright, 1,000; Judith Basin parties 1,800; Cox 1,500. There are also large herds in the Tongue river country, which will find their way to market by this route. The North Pacific has made a rate of seventy-five cents per hundred weight from Keith to Chicago. At this station loading yards have been provided. Leading and resting yards have also been made at Bismarck and Fargo, and every convenience arranged for the safe and satisfactory handling of stock.

& Flary 1,500, and Clark & Elm GLENDIVE is improving very rapidly and will certainly become a very important point. There is a large amount of freight piled up at the landing which cannot be forwarded this fall by river, although the several boats engaged in that trade are doing excellent work. Glendive this fall will therefore become a sort of bull-whackers' paradise.

THE EXTENSION work is progressing again in a very satisfactory manner. The bridge across Beaver Creek is completed and the cars are now running twelve miles west of town. The grading is about all completed to Miles City and the engineers believe the track will reach that point by November 1st.

THE GARDENS about Glendive have proven very satisfactory this year. Potatoes and other vegetables were successfully grown, and Gus Forster treated our party to Glendive grown watermelons.

THE POSTOFFICE. will be named Glendive, the department having surrendered the point urged in opposition, and Nelson C. Lawrence has been appointed postmaster. His bond has gone in and in due time his commission will issue.

Healthfulness of Milk. If anyone wishes to grow fleshy, a pint of milk taken on retiring at night will soon cover the scrawniest, bonest bones. Although we see a good many fleshy persons nowadays, there are a good many lean and lank ones, who sigh for the fashionable measure of plumpness, and who would be vastly improved in health and good appearance could their figures be rounded with good solid flesh. Nothing is more coveted by a thin woman than a full figure, and nothing will so raise the ire and provoke the scandal of "clapper build" as the consciousness in a rival. In cases of fever and summer complaint milk is now given with excellent results. The idea that milk is feverish has exploded, and it is now the physician's main reliance in bringing through typhoid patients, or those in too low a state to be nourished by solid food. It is mistake to scrimp the milk pitcher. Take a more milk and buy less meat. Look to your milkman; have large-sized and well filled milk pitchers on the table at each meal, and save doctor's bills.

THE SUPREME GUIDE

Slowly Leading the President Through the Valley and the Shadow of Death.

Great Nation Bowed With Grief But Preparing to Accept the Inevitable.

A Bulletin Without Hope Followed by a Very Discouraging Report From Sec. Blaine.

Official Bulletin.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, 6:30 p. m.—There has been but little change in the President's condition since the noon bulletin was issued. The frequency of his pulse is nearly the same as then. His temperature has risen somewhat, but it is not so high as yesterday evening. There has been a slight discharge of pus during the day from the incision in the parotid swelling, but it is not diminishing in size. No unfavorable change has been observed in the condition of the wound. He has taken by the mouth a sufficient supply of liquid food. At present his pulse is 112; temperature 99.8; respiration, 19.

[Signed]

D. W. BLISS,
J. K. BARNES,
J. J. WOODWARD,
ROBT. REYBURN,
F. H. HAMILTON

Death at the Door.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Aug. 26.—At 9 o'clock to-night Secretary Blaine sent the following dispatch to Lowell, Minister to London: "The President has lost ground to-day. Some of his symptoms this afternoon and evening are of the gravest character. The condition of the swollen gland, the pulse, and of the temperature, suggest serious and alarming complications. His mind, at intervals, has been somewhat clouded and wandering. His strength fails, but he still swallows liquid food of a nourishing character, and apparently digests it at once. On his strength alone rests the hope that is still left of a reaction."

[Signed]

BLAINE, Secretary.

A Model Husband.

"I never played cards in my life, nor smoked nor chewed tobacco, nor drank a glass of liquor," remarked a well known man of family to a lady friend the other day.

And of course the lady, who did claim as a husband one of those creatures addicted to the vices above referred to, answered:

"Then indeed you are a model man and your wife ought to be proud of you. Such men we seldom see nowadays. I do respect a good husband." Then a thought seemed to dart through her mind, and she broke forth as follows:

"But let me ask you one question, and if you can answer that satisfactorily, considering your other excellent habits, I know a free pass awaits you for the Kingdom of Heaven whenever you are ready to take your departure from this life."

"Fire away," rather inelegantly returned her companion.

"Well, I would ask you this," she continued: "Did you ever hug another man's wife?"

He had important business down the street, and did not stop to answer.

Hungry New York.

What a voracious monster New York City must be? Down into her insatiable maw are weekly driven fifteen thousand calves, five thousand calves, forty thousand sheep and lambs and twenty-five thousand hogs. To complete this enormous meat pie, ship loads of fish and car loads of game and poultry are thrown in to fill up the cracks. More than a hundred thousand live animals are slaughtered and hauled each week into her capacious, and never satisfied stomach. She roars and bellows for more. Herds from the bunch grass region, from Texas, from the north and from the south are swallowed up and yet she cries for more. She is an ever consuming demon of live things. Night and day carnival of death goes ceaselessly on, that this huge monster may live.

The Bismarck Tribune.

BISMARCK, - - - DAKOTA

It is believed that 30,000 troops, militia and regulars, will take part in the Yorktown, Va., celebration, October 18, 19, 20 and 21. Full regiments are expected from several states.

THE British house of lords surrendered to the commons on the Irish land bill and thus averted a crisis that threatened to shake the country. The lords were discouraged at the threats on every side to abolish or seriously curtail their influence in matters of legislation.

GEN. HANCOCK's military punctilio is evidently a deeper matter than one of the buttons and braids. Since July 2 he has refused to go to public dinners or take part in festivities of any sort. "It is not proper," he said, "that I accept invitations to festive entertainments while the president, my commander-in-chief, is hovering between life and death."

JAY COOKE has written to the alms house authorities of Philadelphia, proposing to remove a young woman to a private asylum who lost all her money and her reason in the crash of 1873. She was an employe in one department of Cooke's banking house, and soon after the crash was placed in charge of the insane department of the alms house where she has since remained.

THE census report on the fuel of the country states that four-fifths of the fuel is wood and one-fifth coal, with small quantities of hay, corn-stalks and corn used in some regions. Since 1842 the production of coal has risen from 2,000,000 tons to 70,000,000 tons, and from producing then one-twenty-fifth of the entire quantity mined in the world, the United States now turns out nearly one-fourth. Of the coal mined, 26,400,000 tons are anthracite and 19,000,000 tons are bituminous.

THE eastern papers are publishing Minnesota estimates, which place the wheat yield of the state this year at 41,000,000 bushels against 39,371,799 for the year 1880. Nobody in Minnesota who makes pretensions to anything like accurate information, will venture to say that the crop of this year will reach 30,000,000. Extravagant estimates of the crop serve no good purpose, and are a positive injury to the producer because they help to keep down the price of the great staple.

THE cost of Gen. Grant's house in New York was first reported at \$9,000, then \$19,000 and then \$91,000—the last being the sum actually paid. It would seem out of place hereafter to refer to his pecuniary circumstances as exhibiting what is often termed "the ingratitude of republics," especially in view of the fact that the old homestead of James Madison was sold the other day, and brought only \$20,000; and that Mount Vernon, where Washington breathed his last, and which lies almost within sight of Washington city, would be dear to-day at \$10,000 for any other use except its historical associations.

A GREAT deal has been said about the evils resulting from the adulteration of liquors, but Dr. Seftman, the Pennsylvania tate microscopist, says that while he is aware that nearly all alcoholic liquids are adulterated, yet the drugs and flavors are not more harmful than the materials which they substitute. In fact, from what he has discovered, he is of opinion that no injury is done by it. The substances, like those put into articles of food, are cheats rather than poisons; and there is no evidence that Scotch whisky obtained from a scientific compounder is more death-dealing than that which originated in the "land o' cakes." He has also discovered, that adulteration, or an artificial supply of spirituous liquor, is necessary to keep up with the demand.

IN the address of President Thompson of the Chase National bank of New York, to the national bankers, he related the following historic fact: "I instance an item of the panic of 1873. Early one morning the active managers of three of the New York city banks were invited to the office of Jay Cooke & Co. We were informed that \$1,000,000 were necessary by 10 o'clock to save the house from protest. "What securities do you offer?" was asked. Answer—None; our securities are all used." It was needless to say that the million was not forthcoming. We left. In fifteen minutes Wall street was in a panic, and this is only a duplicate of what transpired in 1857, when the Ohio Insurance and Trust company suspended. Some of the best financiers of this country, and some in Europe as well, agree that material exists in New York for a panic at any time, and that there is especial danger now.

THE use of passenger elevators in New York has led to the construction of buildings of from six to ten stories in height, and have rendered them sources of enormous profit. The noise in the streets and in the offices on the lower floors of the buildings had become so great that when elevators were introduced the value of upper stories for office purposes was at least doubled, and the elevator, formerly a luxury, became a necessity. The income from one high building paid for its cost within three years after erection. In the United States bank building, at Wall street and Broadway, two large elevators are kept busy running faster than any other elevator in the city, mak-

ing forty trips an hour each up and down nine stories, and carrying about six thousand persons a day. In the Equitable building there are six elevators, each making about a hundred and forty trips a day and carrying about twelve hundred persons up and down; the average daily total number of passengers carried up and down being, from an estimate of the returns of the last three years, seven thousand two hundred.

MR. HITT, the assistant secretary of state and the newspapers, which were anxious to return the Nihilist to the tender mercies of the Russian despot, have been compelled to reconsider their immature notions, and now admit the impropriety of molesting him, in the absence of an extradition treaty. Mr. Blaine has virtually disavowed the nonsense of Mr. Hitt, and is not likely to follow the advice of the journals who have lost their heads over Hartmann. But it is somewhat humiliating that a man whom France refused to deliver up to Russia, and to whom England gave an asylum, was, as a means of safety compelled to leave the United States and take refuge in Canada, owing to the blood-thirsty threats of people who have no conception of the true mission of the American republic. Had the mythical shooting of the tyrant Gessler by William Tell, occurred in this year of our Lord, such people would have denied Tell the right of asylum and the protection of the flag of the free; and after the revolution of 1848 they would have sent back to Prussia the patriotic Carl Schurz, who had sought refuge in America; and have done any other snobbish and trucking act to curry the favor of European despots. One of the most level-headed journals in the country, the Springfield Republican, is moved to say that a more ridiculous and discouraging spectacle has not been seen for a long time than a respectable American journal calling frantically upon our government to seize Hartmann without law and abduct him into the hands of the Russian police. It is discouraging because it shows how few men supposed to be fairly intelligent habitually think of the American government as a government of precisely defined powers, and not an arbitrary power which may do what it pleases. The truth is that the aristocratic element of American life is fast showing its iron hand, and has found a faithful ally in that snobbish but powerful class, born of hastily gathered riches. These classes are intent upon changing the character of our government, and are powerful enough to control many strong influences leading in that direction.

GARFIELD'S CRITICAL CONDITION.

A Concise Statement of His Condition Since Our Last Issue.

On Friday, the president's pulse remained 100, but the condition of his stomach is more hopeful. He took more food yesterday than on any day for three weeks. The swelling of the parotid gland diminishes, and the appearance of his wound is more healthy and favorable. Apparently all fears of blood poisoning of any sort are dismissed and the only thing thought of by the doctors is to build up his strength.

Saturday night the president was very restless, and on Sunday afternoon his pulse was 108 and temperature 99. His stomach, upon which hope had been based, once more rejected sustenance. The fatal nausea returned and vomiting was the result. Food taken in the natural way, it was evident, must again be discontinued and hope pinned to nourishment by enemata. For several days it became apparent that the president's recovery depended almost solely upon the ability of his stomach to assimilate solid food in sufficient quantities to rebuild his wasted system.

At 1:30 the president was nauseated, as Dr. Bliss said, from the secretion of saliva in the throat. The vomiting sent the pulse up a few beats, but when the nausea ceased the patient became calmer. He dozed at times, but could not sleep long. He was apparently weaker. About 4 o'clock he vomited a second time. No liquid nourishment had been administered after the first sick spell, but the enemata was increased. The issue of the 6.30 p. m. bulletin contained the first news of the change for the worse in the president's condition. From the latest dispatches it is evident that but little hope of his recovery is entertained by the doctors.

On Monday, day and night, the president rested well, called for food and partook of it with a relish, retaining all that was fed him with no signs of nausea, and had a lower pulse. The wound is seemingly in a very satisfactory condition and the physicians expect that before many days have elapsed, unless there is a change for the worse, that it will be entirely healed. Hopes are again entertained that he will eventually recover.

Interview With Senator Hill of Georgia.

Washington Dispatch.

What do you think of the president's condition?" "It is a hard matter to form an opinion. If the wound be healing, and there be nothing serious now but the disorder of the stomach, it seems as if he ought to get well. There is a great deal of nourishment in the kumiss, which during the last few days he has swallowed and retained. When I was first under treatment in Philadelphia, I was kept in very good condition by kumiss as my only food for some time. It is palatable and tastes very much like buttermilk. I would have left it with regret had it not been for an excellent butter-milk ration which a good Philadelphia democrat took pleasure in supplying."

"What is general opinion so far as you know as to the president's recovery?"

"The general opinion for the last week has been that he will not recover. Previous to that time the bulletins and outside statements of the physicians led most people to believe that he would get well. The shock of the last serious relapse was so great that distrust of professional opinions on the subject now obtains where confidence heretofore prevailed. I don't know that it was anybody's fault, but the majority of people allowed themselves to be deceived by the daily reports of the president's condition that now nothing but a decided change for the better will restore the general confidence."

"Phat wud I do wid that?" exclaimed Patrick, when the hackman handed him the baggage check. "I gave yez good money, and yez try to put counterfeit onter me." "You mistake," said the hackman; "this is not money; it is only a check." "Go way wid yez," cried Pat; "isn't a check always writ on paper? Did yez take me for a greenhorn altogether?"

THE DAYS' DOINGS.

Condensed from the Most Reliable Telegraphic Dispatches up to the Time of Going to Press with this Side of our Paper.

RAILROAD RUMBLINGS.

J. H. Drake, land commissioner of the St. Paul & Sioux City railroad, has issued a circular containing the following announcement: "Hon. C. H. Smith has this day been appointed field agent of the St. Paul & Sioux City railroad companies' land department, with headquarters at Worthington. All matters pertaining to town lots, hay privileges, right of way and taxation with remittances thereon will be sent to him. With Mr. W. A. Peterson as assistant, he will occupy the position made vacant by the death of our lamented friend and valued employe, Hon. Stephen Miller."

T. W. Heintzelman, for a long time foreman at the shops of the St. Paul division of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha railway company in Shakopee, on last Saturday was presented with a magnificent gold watch, chain and keystone charm. The case bore the following inscription on the inside: "Presented to T. W. Heintzelman by the employes of the St. Paul division of the C. St. P. & O. Ry. Co., Aug. 20, 1881," and on the outside the initials "T. W. H.," in a novel and beautiful monogram.

It is rumored that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul company have purchased the Wisconsin and Minnesota road that runs from Eau Claire to Abbot. They will probably not take possession until their Eau Claire line is finished from their main road, which is to run to Eau Claire.

A private letter received in Sioux City from Milwaukee reports the dangerous illness of Mr. G. W. Swan, general traffic manager of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul. The Sioux City Times says he was one of the "old guard" of Sioux City's business men and was generally beloved.

OUR CRIMINAL CALENDAR.

Winona Times, 16th: last night about 9:30 o'clock Wm Bannister was assaulted by a half-breed named Frank La Pierre. During the melee La Pierre fired two shots from a 22 caliber revolver one of them taking effect in the muscles of Mr. Bannister's arm. It was a narrow escape for Mr. Bannister as a slight swelling of the revolver to the right would have caused the ball to penetrate his heart. As it was his side was considerably blackened with powder. Mr. Bannister's wound is not dangerous. La Pierre has fled and measures have been taken for his arrest.

At new Berlin, Waukesha county, Wis., Valentine Schmidt went to the place where his wife was stopping, and meeting her, began abusing her in the most violent manner, accusing her of separating from him to lead a life of debauchery, etc. He asked her if she ever intended to return home to him, and when she said emphatically "No," he rushed upon her and knocked her down, and after beating her cruelly, pulled out a revolver and shot her three times, all the balls lodging in her breast and shoulders. She cannot live.

Father O'Connor of New York, a priest of the independent Catholic church, attempted to deliver a lecture at Watertown. He was interrupted by a mob who hustled him from the platform and seized his manuscript. O'Connor was escorted to a hotel by constables.

WEEKLY RECORD OF CASUALTIES.

The steamer Plymouth Rock on her morning trip from New York to Long Branch with some 1,000 to 1,100 passengers, when about twenty miles from her destination, burst a steam boiler, knocking open the doors of the engine from which an immense volume of steam escaped. A scene of trouble, confusion and terror ensued, the passengers being madly panic-stricken. In the struggle for life preservers, men were seen to seize them from women. For about half an hour there was a scene of dire confusion. In an upper-deck cabin the struggling mass was wedged, the doors being blocked up, and to facilitate escape the windows were broken out by officers of the boat, and passengers passed through head first. As soon as the panic had somewhat subsided the band struck up, and this helped to reassure the passengers and restore order.

Two sons of Charles Luppy, principal musician of the Third United States infantry, were drowned last Monday afternoon, while bathing in the Minnesota river near Fort Snelling. At last accounts the bodies had not been recovered. The father is the principal musician of the Third infantry, and is en route with his wife and family from Rock Island to the headquarters of his regiment—Fort Shaw, M. T. Great sympathy is expressed for the parents in their sudden and terrible bereavement.

Recently a heavy wind, rain and thunder storm prevailed in southern Minnesota. Many grain stacks were blown completely down and others partially. Near Fountain the barn of L. S. Case was fired by lightning and was destroyed, with 100 tons of hay.

At Omaha the Western Newspaper Union establishment, engaged in printing patent insides for country newspapers, was destroyed by fire. Loss about \$12,000; insurance \$5,000.

At St. Louis the extensive foundry known as the Gessels works, near the foot of Harrison street, burned Sunday evening. Loss estimated at \$100,000; insured for \$50,000.

At Falmouth, Mass., Rev. Mr. Fairley, a well known minister was drowned. He backed his vehicle into the pond and was fishing therefrom when he fell into the water.

The explosion of a tug in the Chicago river killed Capt. Britter and two of his crew.

GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

At a meeting of the directors of the American Express company, Jas C. Fargo, of New York, was elected president in place of W. G. Fargo, deceased. Theodore M. Pomeroy, Auburn, remains vice president. Mr. Chas. Fargo, of Chicago, was elected grand vice president. Jas. C. Fargo, director of the Wells, Fargo & Company express, to fill the vacancy in the board caused by the death of W. G. Fargo. T. M. Pomeroy was designated director of the Merchants Dispatch Transportation company, in place of W. G. Fargo, deceased.

The steamer Bright Light, which arrived in Dubuque from St. Louis, was a scene of unusual excitement. She had an excursion party from St. Louis, and on the way up near Bellevue, the wife of Dr. Reeves of Indianapolis gave birth to a boy. The excursionists celebrated the event by a dance on the boat. On arrival at Dubuque ladies came up town and bought the little fellow a generous outfit of suitable garments. The boy was christened after the captain and boat, Boss Bright Light Reeves.

A dispatch from Denver gives the latest news of the Indian outbreak and reviews the whole trouble. There have been in all six fights; thirty citizens have been killed and the troops have lost twenty in killed and wounded. It is said at Santa Fe that the number of soldiers is too small to engage the savages, and the citizens want to arm themselves. On the other hand, Gen. Pope, at Denver, says Col. Hatch has the whole Twelfth regiment, or ten times the number of the Apaches upon the war path.

The great Union Depot at St. Paul is now ready for use. The three north tracks will be used by the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba and Northern Pacific in common; the eastern division of the Omaha line will use the next two tracks; the St. Paul & Duluth road will take two tracks next south of the tracks of the eastern division of the Omaha; the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and the Omaha, western division, will use the three south tracks on the levee side of the yards.

The first annual exhibition of the Chicago fair association will be given at the driving park grounds on September 12th and the five days following. The premiums amount to \$50,000. There will be room for 1,300 head of horses and cattle, 1,000 sheep, and as many swine. Several acres will be covered for the exhibition of machinery. Among the other prizes offered is one of \$1,000 for the best herd of draft horses, and another of \$300 for the best draft stallion.

The official Journal at Mexico publishes communications exchanged between the governors of Sonora and Arizona in relation to the apprehended invasion of cow boys into Sonora. The communications show that the greatest harmony exists on the subject between the two governors, who, with the United States marshal at Tucson, Ariz., will endeavor to prevent the invasion and protect the lives of inhabitants of both countries.

After a long recess, the taking of testimony in the divorce suit brought by ex-Senator Christianity against his wife has been resumed. Ambrose Fallett, who keeps a drug store in the Fourth ward, testified that on July 16, Senator Christianity visited his place, and told him he (the senator) had operated on his wife to produce an abortion, and that she was suffering from the effects of it.

The Bismarck Tribune has received the following special telegram dated Assiniboine, Aug. 19: "Three thousand Indians have crossed the line, coming this way. They are Cree, Bloods and Blackfeet. Two companies of the Second cavalry and one company of the Eighth infantry have started out to drive them back to their northern country."

Rev. S. C. Burnham, who has lived at Janesville since 1855, died at the age of seventy-seven years. Not long ago he married his 100th wife. He had been a member of the city council for many years, was widely known in the Methodist denomination, and was a prominent Odd Fellow.

The Winnepigishish commission has been completed by the appointment of Dr. A. G. Barnard of Minneapolis as commissioner in place of John De Laitre. The commission now consists of Thomas Simpson of Winona, L. Morell, special agent of the interior department, and Dr. Barnard.

James Gordon Bennett's income in \$800,000 a year. Although he has immense establishments at London, Paris and Pau as well as at Newport, and maintains each regardless of expense, he does not spend all his income.

Oiver Colley, of St. Louis, while on a visit to his daughter at Old Hampton, was taken suddenly ill of Bright's disease and died Sunday morning, aged 75. He was mayor of St. Louis during the war.

Arrangements for the removal of the Uncompahgre Utes to their new reservation in Utah have been perfected, and the removal of the Indians will begin on the 25th inst.

Ex-Congressman Morton E. Conway, of Kansas, who once shot Senator Pomeroy, and has long been confined as insane has been released.

The New Hampshire legislature killed the Marston excise bill, and the bill to provide for the purity of elections.

Six thousand five hundred barrels of beer were manufactured in St. Paul in the month of July.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

A Washington dispatch says: "Inquiry at the Indian bureau developed the fact that Capt. Ruffee's resignation had been received, but Chief Clerk Stevens said it would not be accepted until his accounts had been adjusted. An inquiry as to whether the agent was behind in his accounts brought only an evasive answer to the effect that it was hoped he would clear matters up, but they were in a bad condition now." Capt. Ruffee is agent of the Chippewas at White Earth, Minn. His friends discredit this report from Washington and believe it is the result of an intrigue against him.

Secretary Windom has offered to redeem now, without rebate of interest, bonds becoming due on the 1st of October. On being asked why payment of the 5 per cent. bonds maturing October 1 had been anticipated, the secretary stated that it had been customary to anticipate such payment, more or less, when the treasury had ample means for that purpose, rather than let the money be idle in the treasury to be paid out all at once in large amounts. Under the present notice it is not expected any large amount will be presented at once.

Besides the \$50,000 Capt. Howgate saved for himself, he seems to have a great sum for paying charming lady clerks generous sums for mysterious services rendered.

OVER THE OCEAN.

St. Petersburg service: Strong doubts are expressed if Leo Martmann is in New York. If so, his story is a romance full of great errors. No mine was dug under a railway from any house at Moscow, but dynamite was stored in an old culvert. No house was employed, and there was none near the place of the explosion.

The London Times, referring to the election in Belleville, France, says Gambetta has become the representative of a large majority in the country, and the elections have placed him almost under the necessity of assuming power. This will necessarily result in the formation of a ministry with Gambetta at its head.

News has been received from St. Petersburg of the recent arrests there, including the official of the general staff, who is accused of advising the revolutionists of the precautions which the government is taking. Although the prisons are filled with persons accused of political crimes very few are brought to trial.

CORRECTING A MISAPPREHENSION.

The Claim of Agents that Honorably Discharged Soldiers can Enter Homesteads by Attorneys Without a Residence and Improvements a Delusion and a Snare.

To the Editor of the Pioneer Press.

DULUTH, Aug. 13.—For the benefit of a very large class of your readers I would request that you publish the following extract from a circular issued by the Hon. Commissioner of the general land office at Washington, under date of August 9, 1881, and directed to registers and receivers of all United States land offices:

"You are further advised that circulars issued by any attorneys stating that officers and soldiers of the late war who were honorably discharged, etc., are entitled to 160 acres of government land under the homestead laws, which can be entered by an agent or attorney for the soldier are deceptive and false, and are calculated and intended to impose upon and mislead the persons to whom they are addressed."

You will inform all such persons that actual residence upon and improvement and cultivation of lands entered under the homestead law is required by soldiers, and that homestead entries made by soldiers without personal residence and improvement six months after the filing of a homestead declaratory statement are illegal and fraudulent."

In this connection I would like to quote the following section from the Revised Statutes of the United States:

Section 2309. Every soldier, sailor, marine, officer or other person coming within the provisions of section 2304, may, as well by an agent as in person, enter upon such homestead by filing a declaratory statement, as in preemption cases; but such claimant in person shall within the time prescribed (six months) make his actual entry, commence settlements and improve the same, and thereafter fulfill all the requirements of the law.

The instruction from the general land office to local officers for executing the provisions of this section, are as follows:

Should the party present his declaration through an agent as authorized by section 2309, said agent must produce a duly executed power of attorney from the principal desiring to make the entry, who will be bound by the selection his agent may make the same as though made by himself. Where the party has failed to make entry within 6 months from the date of filing, he is not thereby debarred from making entry of the tract filed for, unless some adverse right has intervened; and if so he may enter some other tract that is still vacant.

As section 2309 embraces the only provision in the act of congress modifying the privileges of the homestead law, for the benefit of the soldiers and others who served the country during the late war, whereby the services of an agent can be employed at the inception of an original homestead entry, it will be clearly seen, from the above quotations that the only act an agent can do is simply to file, in a local office, the homestead declaratory statement.

T. H. PRESSNELL, Receiver.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

An Increase in the Capital Stock of the St. Paul Harvester Works—An Important Addition to the Manufacturing Interests of St. Paul.

A little more than eight years ago Mr. E. M. Dean and a few other gentlemen associated themselves as the St. Paul Harvester Works. The project was attended by all the discouraging circumstances that new enterprises have to encounter. The company had to win for its machines a place and record in the field, in competition with older and wealthier manufacturers. Under the able management of Mr. Dean the company has advanced steadily to an assured success, and by its latest increase of capital stock to \$1,000,000 has already grown to be six times as large as it was originally, and is now seeding its unequalled machines into the remotest wheat fields and meadows of the country. The demand for the machines this season more than absorbed the entire product of the factory before the season fairly opened and compelled the corporation to double the force and run its work day and night to meet the demand of the trade. The machines have made a record in the field second to none, and the trade has covered a larger territory than ever before. A strong demand from abroad has been made upon the company for machines, and it is the intention to meet this demand during the coming year. Special attention will also be given to the manufacture of their new mower, which with its center draft and six foot cut, is sure to supersede the old style mowing machines that have been so long in use.

This rapid increase of business has compelled the corporation to enlarge its works. Contracts have been let for the construction of a large brick factory which will quadruple the manufacturing capacity. The work is already under way and the building will be ready for occupancy by winter. The old factory started next week upon the work of the coming year. It will be in charge of Mr. C. T. Corning, the superintendent, assisted by Mr. Henry Brand. These gentlemen have been associated with the works from the beginning, and in these departments they have acquired more than a local reputation.

The increase of business has also compelled an enlargement of the office organization. Mr. J. E. Miller has resigned his position as secretary and treasurer in order to take charge of the purchasing department. Mr. W. B. Bend has been elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Miller. Mr. J. H. Randall remains as cashier and bookkeeper. Thus equipped, and with vastly increased facilities and means, this corporation stands in the front rank of the manufacturing interests of the Northwest.

Suppressing Indecent Postal Cards.

With a view to affording relief to persons who receive abusive and annoying postal cards through the mails, the following general instructions to postmasters will soon be issued from the postoffice department:

When any one is annoyed or expects to be annoyed by postal cards sent from any particular place or from any known persons, he may direct the postmaster at that point named to destroy all postal cards addressed to him or cards from any person named so addressed, and as far as the duties of his office will permit sufficient examinations, the postmaster should comply with the request. The same request may be made of the receiving postmaster. The directions to the postmaster should be in writing and should be filed for preservation.

The President's Treatment.

From the Medical Record.

Whatever may be the result of the case, it is due to the gentlemen in charge to say that the treatment has been skillful from the start, and that every means has been used to mitigate the sufferings of the patient, and to ward off every possible danger from all threatened complications. As might have been expected, the management of the case has been open to much criticism by the secular press. It is to the credit of the profession, and especially of the gentlemen in charge of the case, that so little can be said concerning what might have been done and what was not done. Despite the journalistic prescriptions in some of our leading dailies, the people have continued to maintain a confidence in the attending and consulting surgeons which is as gratifying as it is necessary. There seems very justly to be but one sentiment entertained both by the profession and the public regarding the judicious manner in which this case has been treated.

Excitement in the Markets.

There was a good deal of excitement in the markets the latter part of last week, owing in a great measure to speculation. In Milwaukee, wheat for September delivery ranged from \$1.22 to \$1.25; for October from \$1.24 to \$1.26. In Chicago September wheat was from \$1.23 to \$1.26; October wheat \$1.24 to \$1.27; September corn \$1.24, October corn \$1.27; September pork \$18.20; October pork \$18.42; lard \$11.60 to \$11.80. A larger speculative business was transacted in grain and provisions than ever before known in the history of the trade. It is not expected that the above quotations will be kept up during this week, unless the speculative craze should be intensified, which may be the case, until the bulls are badly gored and retire from the field.

A Patent About to Expire.

From the Baltimore Sun.

After August 15 patents on the McKay sole sewing machine will expire, and boot and shoe manufacturers will be released from the necessity of paying a royalty upon all goods made by that machine. In this city there are thirty of these machines, on which 18,000 pairs of shoes can be made in a day. At present manufacturers are required to put license stamps on each pair of shoes. These stamps are sold by the owners of the patents in the same way that the government sells postage stamps. There is an indicator attached to the machine which records the number of pairs made, besides which the owners have inspectors to go around at intervals as protection. By the expiration of the patents the machine will be more commonly used, and will become cheap. It is said that up to 1875 about 225,000 pairs of shoes were made in this country on this machine. It is estimated that 500,000 pairs will have been made before August 15. The owners of the patents have derived an immense revenue from them.

THE BLIND MAN'S WREATH.

A Dying Mother's Yearning for Her Blind Son—A Wreath for a Ball that Bound Two Hearts Forever Together.

"My boy, my poor blind boy!" This sorrowful exclamation broke from the lips of Mrs. Owen, as she lay upon the couch to which a long and wasting illness had confined her, and whence she well knew she never more was to rise.

Her son, the only son of her widowed heart, the sole object of her cares and affections, knelt beside her, his face bowed upon the pillow, for now only, in a moment of solemn communion with his mother, had she revealed the fatal truth, and told him she must soon die. He had watched, and hoped, and trembled for many weary months, but never yet had he admitted to himself the possibility of losing her; her fading cheek and sunken eye could not reveal to him the progress of decay, and so long as the loved voice maintained its music to his ear and cheered him with promise of improvement, so long as her hand still clasped his, he had hoped she would recover.

He had been blind since he was three years old; stricken by lightning, he had totally lost his sight. A dim remembrance of his widowed mother's face, her smoothly braided hair, and flowing white dress, was one of the few recollections retained with the period before all became dark to him.

The boy grew up tall, slender, delicate; with the dark pensive eyes which bore no trace of the calamity that had destroyed their power of vision; grave though not sad; dreamy, enthusiastic, and requiring his mother's care with the deepest veneration and tenderness. In the first years of his childhood, and also whenever his education did not take them to London and elsewhere, they had resided near a town on the seacoast, in one of the prettiest parts of England.

Independently of the natural kindness which rarely fails to be shown toward any person who is blind, there was that about both the widow and her son which invariably rendered them acceptable guests; for their intellectual resources and powers of conversation were equally diversified and uncommon. Mrs. Owens had studied much in order to teach her son, and thus by improving her natural abilities, had become a person of no common stamp, her intellectuality, however, being always subservient to, and fitly shadowed by, the superior attributes of love, gentleness, and sympathy; for heaven help the woman in whom these gifts are not predominant over any mental endowments whatever.

When they walked out together his mother took his arm; he was proud of that; he liked to think he was some support to her, and many pitying eyes used lately to follow the figure of the widow in the black dress she constantly wore, and the tall, pale son on whom she leaned confidently, as if striving with a sweet deception to convince him that he was indeed the staff of declining strength. But gradually the mother's form grew bent, her step dragged wearily along and the expression of her face indicated increasing weakness. The walks were at an end; and before long she was too feeble to leave her bed, excepting to be carried to a summer parlor, where she lay upon a sofa beside an open window, with flowers twining around the casement, and the warm sunshine filling all things with joy, save her foreboding heart, and the anxious son incessantly hanging over her. Friends often came to visit them, and turned away with deep sadness as they noted the progress of her malady, and heard the blind man ask each time whether they did not think her better—oh, surely, a little better than when they had last beheld her.

Among all these, no friend was so welcome or brought such solace to the sick rooms as Mary Parker, a joyous girl of nineteen, one of the beauties of the country, and the admiration and delight of all who knew her. Mrs. Owen had danced Mary upon her knee, and Edward used to weave baskets and make garlands for her when he was a boy of twelve, and she a little fairy of six years old and thereabout, stood beside him, praising his skill, and wondering how he could manage so cleverly, though blind. None of his companions ever led him so careful as Mary, or seemed so much impressed with his mental superiority; she would leave those games of her playmates in which his blindness prevented him from joining, and would listen for hours to the stories with which his memory was well stored, or which his own imagination enabled him to invent.

As she grew up there was no change in the frank and confiding manner of their intercourse, Mary still made him the recipient of her girlish secrets, and plans and dreams, just as she had done of her little griefs and joys in childhood; asked him to quote his favorite passages of poetry, or station herself near him at the piano, suggested subjects for him to play, which he extemporized at her bidding. Bright and blooming as Mary was, the light of every party, beaming with animation and enjoyment, no attention was capable of rendering her unmindful of him; and she was often known to sit out several dances in an evening to talk to dear Edward Owen, who would be sad if he thought himself neglected.

And now she daily visited the invalid; her buoyant spirits tempered by sympathy for her increasing sufferings; but still diffusing such an atmosphere of sunshine and hope around her, that gloom and despondency seemed to vanish at her presence. Edward's sightless eyes always raised to her bright face, as if he felt the magic influence it imparted.

His mother had noted all this with a mother's watchfulness; and, on that day, when strong in her love, she had undertaken to break to him the fact which all others shrank from communicating, she spoke likewise of Mary, and of the vague wild hope she had always cherished of one day seeing her his wife.

"No, mother, no!" exclaimed the blind man. "Dear mother, in this you are not true to yourself! What! Would you wish to see her, in all her spring time of youth and beauty, sacrificed to such a one as I?—to see Mary, as you have described her to me, as my soul tells me she is, tied down to be the guide and leader and support of one who could not make one step in her defense; whose helplessness alone in the eyes of men would be his means of sheltering and protecting her? Would you hear her pined—our bright Mary pined—as a blind man's wife, mother?"

"But, Edward, if she loves you, as I am sure she does—"

"Love me, mother! Yes, as angels love mortal, as a sister loves a brother, as

you love me! And for this benignant love, this tender sympathy, I could kneel and kiss the ground she treads upon; but beyond this—were you to entreat her to marry your poor blind and solitary son, and she in pity answered yes—would I accept her on such terms and rivet the chains she had consented to assume? Oh, mother, mother, I have not studied her in vain. Your life has been one long self-sacrifice to me; its silent teaching shall bear fruit! Do not grieve so bitterly for me. God was very merciful in giving me such a mother; let us trust Him for the future!"

Ah, poor tortured heart, speaking so bravely forth, striving to cheer the mother's failing spirit, when all to him was dark, dark, dark!

She raised herself upon her pillow wound her weak arms about his neck, and listened to the expressions of ineffable love, and faith and consolation, which her son found strength to utter, to sustain her soul. Yes, in that hour her recompense had begun; in loneliness, and secret tears, with Christian patience and endurance, with an exalted and faithful spirit had she sown; and in death she reaped her high reward.

They had been silent for some minutes, and she lay back exhausted, but composed, while he sat beside her, holding her hand in his, fancying she slept, and anxiously listening to her breathing, which seemed more than usually oppressed. A rustling was heard amid the flowers at the window, and a bright young face looked in.

"Hush!" said Edward, recognizing the step.

"Hush, Mary, she is asleep!"

The color and the smiles passed from Mary's face, when she glided into the room.

"Oh! Edward, Edward, she is not asleep; she is very, very ill!"

"Mary, darling Mary!" said the dying lady, with difficulty rousing herself. "I have had such a pleasant dream; but I have slept too long. It is night. Let them bring candles. Edward, I cannot see you now."

Night, and the sun so brightly shining! The shadows of the grave were stealing fast upon her.

Other steps now sounded in the room, and many faces gathered round the couch; but the blind man heard nothing—was conscious of nothing, save the painful, labored respiration, the tremulous hand that fluttered in his own, the broken sentences.

"Edward, my dearest, take comfort. I have hope. God is indeed merciful."

"Oh, Edward, do not grieve so sadly! It breaks my heart to see you cry. For her sake be calm—for my sake, too."

Mary knelt down beside him, and endeavored to soothe the voiceless anguish which it testified her to witness.

Another interval, when no sound broke that stillness that prevailed, and again Mrs. Owen opened her eyes and saw Mary kneeling by Edward's side. They were associated with the previous current of her thoughts, and a smile lighted up her face.

"As I wished, as I prayed to die! My children both. Kiss me, Mary, my blessing, my comfort! Child of so many hopes and prayers—all answered now!"

And with her bright vision unalloyed, her rejoicing soul took wings, and knew sorrow and tears no more.

Four months have passed since Mrs. Owen's death and her son was still staying at Woodland, the residence of Mary's father, Col. Parker, at about two miles distant from Edward Owen's solitary home; hither had he been prevailed upon to remove, after the first shock of his grief had subsided.

Colonel and Mrs. Parker were kind-hearted people, and the peculiar situation of Edward Owen appealed to their best feelings, so they made no opposition to their children devoting themselves unceasingly to him, and striving by every innocent device to render his affliction less poignant and oppressive. But kind as all the family were, still all the family were as nothing compared to Mary, who was always anxious to accompany him in his walks, seemed jealous of her privilege as his favorite reader, and claimed to be his silent, watchful companion, when too sad even to take an interest in what she read, he leaned back in his chair, and felt the soothing influence of her presence.

As the time wore on, and some of his old pursuits resumed their attractions for him, she used to listen for hours as he played upon the piano. She would sit near him with her work, proposing subjects to his skill, as her old custom had been; or she would beg him to give her a lesson in executing a difficult passage, and render it with due feeling and expression. In the same way in their readings, which were gradually carried on with more regularity and interest, she appeared to look upon herself as the person obliged, and appealed to his judgment, and referred to his opinion, without any consciousness of the fatigue she underwent, or the service she was rendering.

One day as they were sitting in their library, after she had been for some time pursuing her self-imposed task, and Edward, fearing she would be tired, had entreated her to desist, she answered gaily:

"Let me alone, Edward! It is no pleasant to go through a book with you; you make such nice reflections, and point out all the finest passages, and explain the difficult parts so clearly, that it does me more good than a dozen readings by myself. I shall grow quite clever now as we have begun our literary studies."

"Dear Mary, say rather ended; for you know this can not always go on. I must return to my own house next week; I have to pass on your father's hospitality, indulgence and forbearance too long."

"Leave us, Edward!" and the color deepened in her cheeks and tears stood in her bright eyes. "Not yet."

"Not yet? The day would still come, dearest, delay it as I might, and it is manifold thus to shrink from what must and ought to be? I have to begin life in earnest, and if I falter at the outset what will be the result? I have arranged everything; Mr. Glen, our clergyman, has a cousin, an usher in a school, who wishes for retirement and country air. I have engaged him to live with me as companion and reader. Next week he comes, and then, Mary, farewell to Woodland!"

"No, not farewell; for you must come here very often, and I must read to you still, and you must teach me still, and tell me your own noble thoughts and beautiful language of better and higher things than I once used to care for; and then our walks—oh, Edward, we must continue to see the sunset from the cliffs, sometimes, together. You first taught me how beautiful it was. I told you of the tints upon the sky and upon the sea, and upon the boats with their glistening sails, and you set the view before me in all its harmony and loveliness, brought it home to my

heart and made me feel how cold and insensible I had been before."

"Ah, Mary," said Edward, mournfully, "near you I am no longer blind."

The book she had been reading fell unheeded on the ground, she trembled, her color came and went, and she laid her hand timidly on his arm; indescribable tenderness, reverence, and compassion were busy within her soul.

"Edward, you will not change in anything toward us; this new companion need not estrange you from your old and dearest friend—your mother's friend. Let me always be your pupil, your friend, your—sister!"

"Sustainer, consoler, guide! Sister above all, oh yes, my sister! Best and sweetest title—say it again, Mary, say it again!" and seizing her hand he kissed it passionately, and holding it for a moment within his own. Then, as suddenly relinquishing it, he continued in an altered tone, "My sister and my friend, until another comes to claim a higher privilege, and Mary shall be forever lost to me."

She drew back, and a few inaudible words died away upon her lips; he could not see her appealing, tearful eyes. Mistaking the cause of her reserve, he made a strong effort to regain composure.

"Do you remember when you were a child, Mary, how ambitiously romantic you used to be, and how you were determined to become a duchess at last?"

"And how you used to tease, by saying you would only come to my castle disguised as a wandering minstrel, and would never sit at the board between me and the duke, Edward?"

"Yes, I remember it all very well, foolish children that we were. But I, at least, know better now; I am not ambitious in that way any longer."

"In what way? In what direction then do your aspirations tend?"

"To be loved," said Mary, fervently; "to be loved, Edward, with all the trusted devotedness of which a noble nature is susceptible—to know that the heart on which I lean has no thought save for me—to be certain that with all my faults and waywardness I am loved for my self alone, and not for my little charm of face which people may attribute to me."

Edward rose abruptly, and walked up and down the room, which, from his long stay in the house, had become familiar to him.

"Mary," he resumed, stopping as he drew near her, "you do yourself injustice. The face you set so little store by must be beautiful as the index of your soul; I have pictured so often to myself, I have coveted the blessing of sight, were it only for an instant, that I might gaze upon you. The dim form of my mother, as I last beheld her in my infancy, floats before me when I think of you enfolded with a halo of heavenly light which I fancy to be your attribute, and a radiance hovers round your golden tresses such as gladdens our hearts in sunshine."

"Ah, Edward, it is better you cannot see me as I am! You would not love me—I mean you would not think of me—so much."

"If I could but see you for a moment as you will look at the ball to-night, I fancy I would never repine again."

"The ball to-night! I had quite forgotten it; I wish mamma would not insist upon my going. I do not care for these things any longer—you will be left alone, Edward, and that seems so heartless and unkind!"

"Mary," said one of her sisters, opening the library door, "look at these beautiful hot house flowers which have arrived here for us. Come, Edward; come and see them, too."

They were so accustomed to treat him, as one of themselves, and were so used to his aptitude in many ways, and they did not appear to remember he was blind.

The flowers were rare and beautiful, and yet no donor's name accompanied the gift.

Suddenly one of the girls cried out, laughingly:

"I have guessed, I have guessed. It is Edward! He has heard us talking about this ball, and must have ordered them on purpose for us. Kind, good Edward!" and they were loud in expressions of delight; all except Mary, who kept silently aloof.

"Mary does not like flowers?" said Edward, inquiringly, turning in the direction where she stood.

"No," she replied sorrowfully, "it is the ball I do not like, nor you thinking about decking us for it. As if I cared to go."

"Look at these lovely roses," said the oldest sister as they were selecting what each should wear, "would not Mary look well with a wreath of these roses in her hair?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Edward, eagerly, "and let me weave it for her! You know, Mary, it is one of my accomplishments; you were proud of my garlands when you were a little girl. Will you trust my fingers for the task?"

"If you really wish it, if it does not seem too trifling, yes," said Mary gently, with a troubled expression on her brow usually so serene, as she moved so reluctantly away.

"But it must seem such a mockery to you, poor Edward," and then, without waiting for a reply, she hurried to her room, and did not show herself again until the family assembled for dinner; while Edward, seated between the sisters, who were in great delight in their anticipation of the evening's amusements silently betook himself of his task.

Early after dinner the large, old-fashioned drawing room at Woodlands was deserted; the momentous business of the toilet had to be gone through, and then a drive of five miles accomplished, before Mrs. Parker and her three fair daughters could find themselves at the ball.

Edward was the only occupant of the room; seated at the piano, on which his fingers idly strayed, he now and then struck chords of deep melancholy, or broke into passages of plaintive sadness.

"Alone, alone, alone! How the silence of this room strikes upon my heart—how long this evening will be without her voice, without her footsteps! And yet that is what awaits me, what is inevitably drawing near. Next week I leave the roof under which she dwells; I shall not hear her singing as she runs down stairs in the morning; I shall not have her constantly at my side asking me with her sweet, childlike earnestness to teach her to repeat poetry, or to give expression to her music. The welcome rustle of her dress, the melody of her laugh, will soon become rare sounds to me. Within, around, beyond, all is dark, hopeless, solitary. Life stretches itself wearily before me, blind and desolate as I am. Mother, mother, well might your sweet spirit shrink when you contemplated this for your miserable son! How strange those last words! I thought of them to-day, while

I made her wreath of roses and when her sisters told me of the numbers who flock around her. Every flower brought its warning and its sting."

"Edward, have I not made haste? I wished to keep you company for a little while before we set out. You must be sad, your playing told me you were sad, Edward."

She was standing by him in all the pride of her youth and loveliness; her white dress falling in a cloud like drapery around her graceful form, her sunny hair sweeping her shoulders, and the wreath surmounting a brow on which innocence and truth were impressed by nature's hand.

The sense of her beauty, of an exquisite harmony about her, was clearly perceptible to the blind man; he reverently touched the flowing robe, and placed his hand upon the flowery wreath.

"Will you think of me, dearest, to-night? You will carry with you something to remind you of me. When you are courted, worshipped, envied, and hear on every side praises of your beauty, give a passing thought to Edward, who lent his little help to your adornment."

"Edward, how can you speak so mockingly? You know that in saying this you render me most miserable."

"Miserable! With roses blooming on your brow, and hope exulting in your heart; when life smiles so brightly on you, and guardian angels seem to hover round your path!"

He spoke in a manner that was unusual to him; she leaned against the piano, and, as if unconscious of what she was doing, disengaged the garland from her hair.

"These poor flowers have no bloom, and this bright life of mine, as you think it, has no enjoyment when I think of you, sad, alone, unhappy, returning to your desolate home, Edward."

"Dearest," he returned, inexpressibly moved, "do not grieve for me. Remember my mother left her blessing there."

"Was it only for you, Edward?"

There was a moment's silence; he covers his face with his hands, his lofty, self-denying spirit wrestles with himself, when gently the wreath is laid on his knee, her arm is pressed around his neck, her head with its glory of golden locks is bowed upon his breast.

"Oh, Edward, take the wreath, and with it take myself, if I deserve it! Tell me that you are not angry, that you do not despise me for this—I have been so unhappy, I have so long wished to speak to you—"

"Mary, Mary, forbear! You try me beyond my strength; beloved of my soul, light of my sightless eyes, dearer to me than language can express, you must not thus throw yourself away."

He would disengage the arm that is clinging to his neck, but she nestled closer still.

"Mary!" he cries, wildly, "remember! Blind—blind!"

"Not blind near me; not blind for me. Here, Edward, here my resting place is found; nothing but death shall separate me from you. I am yours—your friend, your consoler, your wife. Oh, tell me you are glad."

Glad! His previous resolutions, his determination to owe nothing to her pitying love, all faded in the unequalled happiness of that hour, nor ever returned to cloud the life which Mary's devotion rendered henceforth blessed.

This is no fiction, reader, no exaggerated picture; some who peruse this will testify out of their hearts how, in respect and admiration, they have watched Mary fulfilling the promise of her beautiful sympathy and love. She has never wavered in the path she chose to tread; she never cast one lingering look at all she had resigned in giving herself to him. Joyous, tender, happy, devoted, she seemed always to regard her husband as the source of all her happiness; and, when the music of children's voices has been heard within their dwelling, not even her motherly love for those dear faces whose sparkling eyes could meet and return her gaze, has ever been known to defraud their father of a thought, or a smile, or the lightest portion of her accustomed care.

No, dear Mary! Years have passed since she laid her wreath on his knee; the roses so carefully preserved have long withered; but the truth and love which accompanied the gift, as her proud husband says, almost equal, even while on earth, to those angels among whom, in heaven, he shall see her—see her at last, no longer blind.

A VILLAGE PROPHET.

A Character Sketch of Provincial Life in New England.

By "A Country Parson."

"Well, Uncle Peleg, what kind of weather to-day?"

"Don't ye be in a hurry. Do ye see that streak of yellow cloud all a-banging as if my Sal had been a chawing it with her scissors; that's a weather breeder, sarlin. Forty year I tell ye I've watched 'em; but then the spiders' webs are putty thick on that ere knoll; yer better wait and see."

The speaker was a tall, gaunt man; the time was early morning. His jean pants and calico shirt made up an outfit somewhat neglectful. The shirt unconfined about the throat exposed the sun-burned neck and grizzled bosom, the hair was long, of iron gray, evidently inclined to curl away back in the old man's youth. A provincial character was Uncle Peleg; firmly planted on his great feet—innocent of shoes and stockings—a shrewd twinkle in his gray eye, he was the embodiment of a country wiseacre. The people question him as a sort of occasion for village humor, a set-off to the dull, heavy life of a secluded hamlet. But withal he was wise now and then, his sixty-five years of observation of nature and life had become a kind of rude philosophy, and he was fond of announcing its canons from his own door-step, at the blacksmith's shop, and down to "Old Pat's," who kept the ancient hostelry. "Have you heard the news, Uncle Peleg?" "Well, what about it?" He never would acknowledge his ignorance, and in this he was not far removed from some more pretentious savans. "Why, Cap'n Jim's son has bought the old place and is going to farming."

"Of course," responded Uncle P., "he's a-going to rip up that old sod and manufacture new. I'm glad 'n't. This a'fays was pesky poor 'sile; never had any brains in it, do ye see?"

Uncle Peleg's house was one story, painted only by sun and storm. The small windows with their seven by nine panes were quite often nearly filled when a carriage passed, for children were plenty, and where they stowed them all was an unsolved mystery. The little squat home stood

on a bluff. A river ran through the valley, and a far-off landscape greeted the eye from the narrow door-way. The distant horizon shot up dark and shadowy with its crouching mountains. The interval was broken by solitary houses, inviting uplands, and dense greeneries of trees. A bold hill, little short of a mountain, a benignant sentinel, gave character to the wide distance. Uncle Peleg loved that doorway and its view. He was accustomed to say: "Them ere foreign painters never could p'ks that in a picture. The Almighty knows 'ey can't."

Our village prophet was a blacksmith, the best blacksmith in the whole region. "Talk ter me about horses' feet! ye don't know nothin' about it. Der ye suppose I am a fale? One of them veteren doctors came along here—"

"Veterinary, you mean, uncle." "Well, well; don't ye interrupt. He had a picture of a horse's foot and pretended to tell me how to shoe a colt. I had the colonel's mare. Ye know she's skittish. I was a-fixin' her for'ard feet. She's like a lamb with me. The old horse palaverer was jest the right distance. I gave her the wink and she hisied. Lor, how he topped over into a pile of sweepings. I guess he understands the power of a colt's foot now;" and the old man chuckled; "it jest spiled his tall hat, for it fell off and he sot right down on it."

Uncle Peleg had only ten acres, but he farmed with his brains, and night and morning he put in a good many strokes of work, and those boys were brought to do their part. The saying went about that there was not another ten acres in the township that paid such big interest. His large family were supplied and a good bit sold every year. It did uncle good when that ten acres lay in the maturity of the harvest. Yet for that matter he had a rotation of crops, and it was harvest from late spring until autumn. The neighbors would happen along at early candle-light and admire "that green sass," and Uncle Peleg would expound his views on farming. "Some folks," said he, "jest tumble their seed into the sile and expect nater to do the rest. Do they think he a fale? She's got to be encouraged and tickled and fed, or she'll starve herself and ye too. Now look at Bill Hale; fifty acres of the best land in town; nearly starved last winter, he did. Seems to owe a grudge agin the Almighty because, after giving him the land, He don't plant and hoe for him. The Almighty ain't a fale either, yer better believe; He won't breathe for a fellow after He's a gin him a good pair of lungs."

"But Bill has the asthma," remonstrated the neighbor. "Asthma!" grunted Uncle Peleg, "so I've a lame leg." Peleg was lame. "But I manage to do a leetle stroke of work. Most every horse is bunged somewhere."

But Uncle Peleg was in his element when at the bellows, and the old shoe was beaten to a red glow, a little group of idlers about him, the horse in the foreground stamping now and then uneasily. Uncle Peleg's bare arms, hairy and sinewy, plying the long handle, and then stopping to declare his opinion: "I tell ye, Tom Jones, this country is worth something. I gin my five boys in the last war. One lost an arm, and one is missin'!"—the old man's voice choked a little—"and I'd gone myself but the old woman made such a rumpus; I tell ye,"—and the brawny arm came up—"I'll go now and my boys, if we are ever needed I'd rather shoe Sam Flint's kicking colt than look at a coward." The old man had been nearly killed by that vicious horse.

"What do you think of Peter Lane, Uncle Peleg?" questioned a caller one day. Peter Lane had got into bad company, taken to drinking and was about to be sent to the county-house, unless some friend appeared. He was the only son of a widow, a bright lad but high strung. The old man pounded away, making the sparks fly. "The deacon is going to send Peter Lane to the devil; they'll meet the other side of judgment. What's a few chickens beside a man's soul. A dozen of the deacon's wouldn't make one of Peter's, save the drinking." The young man had been convicted of robbing the deacon's henry, a tight-fisted, hard-shelled pillar of the local church. "Peter will wipe that out, give him a chance. His mother is a good soul, but she has nagged him to death with her everlasting worrying."

Uncle Peleg interested himself in the young man. His influence rarely exerted, was not to be despised. He even went to see the judge, twenty-five miles away, and Peter Lane was sent west one day, with some good advice from the old man and a little money. Uncle Peleg was always rightly proud of this missionary work, for Peter Lane is a brilliant lawyer to-day, who is ever ready to "lend a hand" to the unfortunate. "You send yer money to the heathen," said Peleg; "fifty cents to send a dollar; but yer let your own heathen go to the devil; yer was ready to give Peter a shove down. Where is he now? A candidate fer United States senator. Yer missionary guns are too long range."

A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, runs the proverb; but Peleg was an authority. His rough sincerity had a genuineness about it that won the respect of the country folk. He delivered heavy blows. As he struck the heated iron he shaped his thoughts as skillfully as he fitted the shoe to the restive horse. The dialect and provincial burr did not detract from its point. If the sparks flew, the bystanders must look out.

The dusk is settling down over the little old house; the landscape is melting into indistinct outlines. Across the fence leans Uncle Peleg, to talk with a neighbor. Not an ounce of flesh to spare; thin and straight, he hardly breaks the darkness of the coming night. "I tell ye, neighbor Best, it's no use fighting circumstances; just face 'em like a man. Stick to yer duty, hold yer grip, and Lucifer himself won't harm ye."

Bad Outlook for Yorktown.

From the New York Tribune.

Robt. Lincoln, secretary of war, says of the Yorktown celebration:

"About all it will be possible for me to do is to concentrate all available troops. They are a few men in this city, a few in Baltimore and Washington and a few at Fortress Monroe."

"How many altogether?"

"Well, at the utmost I do not think we shall be able to bring together 1,000. It is the intention to bring Company F, Third artillery from Colorado, because it is an exact counterpart of the company which took part in the original celebration. This is about all the department can do besides sending down 1,200 tents. Of course the department will aid to the utmost any volunteer organization that may attend, but we cannot do much, because of the lack of money."

Sitting Bull.
Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune.
FORT YATES, August 23, 1881.—
Your correspondent interviewed Sitting Bull to-day, relative to the Indians who have recently crossed from the British territory. He, "Sitting Bull," says that he "knew such a move was intended before he left, and that instead of being an indication of hostility to our Government, it is quite the reverse. The Indians appeared to have become dissatisfied with the treatment received at the hands of the British authorities, and have sought American territory, hoping to remain near the border unmolested by our troops and where they will have ample opportunity to revenge themselves for the injustice which they feel has been done them by the British authorities. He says that they evince no hostility whatever toward the people settled or traveling through that country and only wish to secure a safe rendezvous. Sitting Bull says his photographs are "seechee" (bad) because they make him look like a white man, that is, the face is light.

A small number of shot gun cartridges were found in Sitting Bull's camp to-day, and were instantly gobbled by the guard.

The steamer Gen. Tompkins, loaded with Indian supplies, arrived here yesterday, and left for up river at noon to-day. The Indians are all quiet and uncommunicative.

A Large Shipment.
Justus Bragg's last shipment of cattle from the west was the largest ever brought into this market. Seven cars were loaded at Keith station, more familiarly known as Beaver creek, under Mr. Bragg's personal supervision, and arrived here Saturday night in good condition. Mr. Bragg says that the soil about Keith is of the very best for agricultural purposes, and a finer grazing country he never saw. Grain elevators will be erected there in a short time, and in fact Keith will boom next season.

Annoyed by Circumstances.
A Deadville man in one week was attacked and scratched by a catamount, hurt by an explosion, had a boulder roll down upon him and stay in two ribs, and was kicked by a mule. And a local editor remarked that he had "been somewhat annoyed by circumstances lately."

Notice of Final Proof.
LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., August 2, 1881.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at this office on the 7th day of September 1881 at 10 o'clock a. m., viz: Wm. Howard, Homestead Entry No. 398, of the southwest quarter of section 26, township 14 N., range 81 west, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: James A. Emmens, Henry Sattler, Michael Folger and R. R. Marsh, all of Burleigh Co. P. O. Address, Bismarck, D. T. 9-93. JOHN A. REA, Register.

Rescued From Death.
The following statement of William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., is so remarkable that we beg to ask for it the attention of our readers. He says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a violent bleeding of the lungs followed by a severe cough. I soon began to lose my appetite and flesh. I was so weak at one time that I could not leave my bed. In the summer of 1877 I was admitted to the city hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I expended over a hundred dollars in doctors' and medicines. I was so far gone that one time a report went around that I was dead and I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. W. M. HALL'S BALM FOR THE LUNGS. I laughed at my friends, thinking that my case was incurable, but I got a bottle to satisfy them, when to my surprise and gratification I commenced to feel better. My hope, once dead, began to revive, and to-day live in better spirits than I have the past three years. I write this hoping you will publish it, so that every one afflicted with diseased lungs will be induced to take Dr. Wm. Hall's Balm for the Lungs, and be convinced that Consumption can be cured. I have taken two bottles and can positively say that it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness. My cough has almost entirely disappeared and I shall soon be able to go to work." Sold by druggists. Atylew.

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and Horse-Powers.
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32 YEARS
of continuous and successful business, without change of name, management, or location, to "back up" the broad warranty given on all our goods.

STEAM-POWER SEPARATORS
and
Complete Steam Units of machines, qualities, finest Traction Engines and Plain Engines ever seen in the American market.
A multitude of special features and improvements for 1881, together with superior qualities in construction and materials not dreamed of by other makers. Four sizes of Separators, from 6 to 12 horse capacity, for steam or horse power.
Two styles of "Mounted" Horse-Powers.
7,500,000 Feet of Selected Lumber constantly on hand, from which is built the incomparable wood-work of our machinery.
TRACTION ENGINES
Strongest, most durable, and efficient ever made. 8, 10, 15 Horse Power.
Farmers and Threshermen are invited to investigate this matchless Threshing Machinery. Circulars sent free. Address
NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.
Batt. Creek, Michigan.

3500 REWARD.
OVER A MILLION OF
Prof. Guilmette's
FRENCH
Kidney Pads
have already been sold in this country and in France, every one of which has given perfect satisfaction, and has performed cures even when used according to directions.

We now say to the afflicted and doubting ones that we will pay the above reward for a single case of

LAME BACK
That the Pad fails to cure. This Great Remedy will positively and permanently cure Lumbago, Lame Back, Sciatica, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Incontinence and retention of the Urine, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, High Colored Urine, Pain in the Back, Side or Loins, Nervous Weakness, and in fact all disorders of the Bladder and Urinary Organs whether contracted by private diseases or otherwise.

LADIES, if you are suffering from Female Weakness, Leucorrhoea, or any disease of the Kidneys, Bladder, or Urinary Organs,

YOU CAN BE CURED!
Without swallowing nauseous medicines, by simply wearing

PROF. GUILMETTE'S
FRENCH KIDNEY PAD.

Which cures by Absorption.
Ask your druggist for Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad, and take no other. If he has not got it, send \$2 and you will receive the Pad by return mail.

TESTIMONIALS FROM THE PEOPLE.
Judge Buchanan, Lawyer, Toledo, O., says: "One of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads cured me of Lumbago in three weeks' time. My case had been given up by the best doctors as incurable. During all this time I suffered untold agony and paid out large sums of money."
George Vetter, a. P., Toledo, O., says: "I suffered for three years with Sciatica and Kidney Disease, and often had to go about on crutches. I was entirely and permanently cured after wearing Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad four weeks."
Squire N. G. Scott, Sylvania, O., writes: "I have been a great sufferer for 15 years with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. For weeks at a time was unable to get out of bed; took barrels of medicine, but they gave me only temporary relief. I wore two of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads six weeks, and now I know I am entirely cured."
Mrs. Helen Jerome, Toledo, O., says: "For years I have been confined, a great part of the time, to my bed with Lumbago and female weakness; I wore one of Guilmette's Kidney Pads and was cured in one month."
H. B. Greer, wholesale grocer, Findlay, O., writes: "I suffered for 15 years with lame back and in three weeks was permanently cured by wearing one of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads."
B. F. Keesling, M. D., Druggist, Logansport, Ind., when sending in an order for Kidney Pads, writes: "I wore one of the first ones we had and I received more benefit from it than anything I ever used. In fact the Pads give better general satisfaction than any Kidney remedy we ever sold."
Ray & Shoemaker, Druggists, Hannibal, Mo. We are working up a lively trade in your Pads, and are hearing of good results from them every day.

PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH LIVER PAD
Will positively cure Fever and Ague, Dumb Ague, Ague Cake, Bilious fever, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, and all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Blood. Price \$1.50 by mail. Send for Prof. Guilmette's Treatise on the Kidneys and Liver, free by mail. Address
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THE CONTRAST!
While other Baking Powders are largely ADULTERATED with ALUM and other hurtful drugs,

DR. PRICE'S
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has been kept UNCHANGED in all of its original purity and wholesomeness. The best evidence of ITS SAFETY, HEALTHFULNESS, PURITY, and EFFECTIVENESS, is THE FACT of its being used to-day, from North to South, from East to West, in the homes of the rich and poor, where it has been used for the last 16 years.

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ROSES
And other RARE PLANTS we mail for \$1.
Our Greenhouses (covering 2 acres in Glass) are the largest in America.
Peter Henderson & Co.,
35 Cortlandt St., New York.

Notice of Contest—Timber Culture.
U. S. LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., July 24, 1881.
Complaint having been entered at this office by Henry I. Wright against Ferdinand Kramer for failure to comply with law as to timber culture entry No. 60, dated June 15th, 1878, upon the south east quarter of section eight, township 130, range 73, in Kidder county, Dakota, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; contest, alleging that Ferdinand Kramer has failed to break or enclose to be broken tract on or out any said tract, and has failed to plant on set out any said trees whatever since taking the same. The said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 14th day of September, 1881, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged failure.
JOHN A. REA, Register.
E. M. BROWN, Receiver.

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34 N. Fourth St.,
Practical Boot Maker,
— Likewise —
BUILDER OF SHOES
Perfect fits Guaranteed. Only the Best Material used. Custom Work a Specialty. Repairing Neatly Done.

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POSITIVELY CURED.
All sufferers from this disease that are anxious to be cured should try Dr. KISSNER'S Celebrated Consumptive Powders. These powders are the only preparation known that will cure Consumption and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs—indeed, so strong in our faith in them, and also to convince you that they are no humbug, we will forward to every sufferer, by mail, postpaid, a free trial box.
We don't want your money until you are perfectly satisfied of their curative powers. If you are worth saving, don't delay in giving these Powders a trial, as they will surely cure you. Price for large box \$3.00, sent by any part of the United States or Canada, by mail, on receipt of price. Address
ASH & ROBBINS,
200 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO THE RIVER
Buses for Fort Lincoln leave regularly from the corner of Main and Third streets at 5:30 a. m., 10 a. m., 4 p. m., and 7:30 p. m.

To the Landing
Buses to the steamboat landing run from the same place every few minutes. Both lines carry the U. S. mails. Leave orders for "bus to call" at Peoples' hardware store, corner Third and Main streets.

CONN PEOPLES, Pro.
Thousands have been cured of dumb ague, bilious disorders, jaundice, dyspepsia and all diseases of the liver, blood and stomach, when all other remedies have failed, by using Prof. Guilmette's French Liver Pad, which is a quick and permanent cure for these disorders. Ask your druggist for the great remedy, and take no other, and if he does not keep it send \$1.50 in a letter to the French Pad Co., Toledo, O., and receive one by mail, postpaid.

H. H. HANES & CO.
Tree Planting Company!
BISMARCK, D. T.
We are prepared to furnish trees for tree culture or ornamental shade trees in quantities to suit, delivered by rail or river to any station in the west, at the following rates, money accompanying orders:
Cuttings, doable length, \$5 per M.
do trees, 8 to 15 inches..... 3 "
do do 15 to 24 inches..... 4 "
do do 24 inches or over..... 5 "
Box Elder, for tree culture, 8 to 15 in..... 5 "
Box Elder, for shade trees, from 10 to 50 cts each
Shepherdia (for Hedges) for hedges, hardy, 18 inch to 3 feet, 6 cents each.
White ash shade trees from 18 to 25 cents each.
Trees set at reasonable rates by an experienced tree planter. Address all orders to
Bismarck Tree Planting Company,
Bismarck, Dakota.
B. H. HANES & Co., Managers.

T. J. MITCHELL,
GENERAL
LAND AGENT,
MANDAN, D. T.
Buys and sells deeded and Railroad lands on commission; selects and locates Homestead, Pre-emption and Tree Culture claims, and contracts for breaking and planting trees on tree claims; have complete township plats of all surveyed lands west of the Missouri River on the Missouri Division of the North Pacific Railroad.
Soldiers' Additional Homesteads
And Sioux Half-Breed Scrip Furnished at Reasonable Rates
to parties who prefer to perfect title to lands without residing thereon. Can also furnish, at reduced rates,
Certified Scrip
which can be used in payment for Pre-emption Lands the same as money. Correspondence solicited.
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NEW TOOLS
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Statement of the Condition
OF THE
National Fire Insurance Company
OF HARTFORD.
On the thirty-first day of December, 1880.
The name of the company is given above. It is located in Hartford, Conn. The amount of its capital stock is \$600,000. The amount of its capital paid up stock is \$600,000.
The assets of the company are as follows:
Cash on hand and in the hands of agents and other persons.....\$127,632 68
Real estate unimproved.....56,523 21
Bonds owned by the company, to wit:
Par Value Mkt Value
United States bonds.....\$ 50,000 00 57,000 00
Connecticut state bonds.....5,000 00 5,200 00
Hartford and other city and town bonds.....159,000 00 179,370 00
Railroad bonds.....55,000 00 62,000 00
OTHER ASSETS.
Lions on bond and mortgage being first lien on unimproved real estate worth double the amount loaned.....257,300 00
Debts otherwise secured, interest accrued.....12,144 02
Debts for premiums, bona fide owners of bank and railroad stock, etc.....452,250 00
Total assets.....\$1,328,509 91
LIABILITIES.
Amount due or not due to banks or other creditors.....
Loesee adjusted and due.....7,047 88
Losses adjusted and not due.....
Losses undadjusted.....
Losses in suspense, waiting for full settlement.....27,865 00
All other claims against the company. Amount necessary to place the outstanding risks, 50 per cent. per rate.....173,346 41
Total liabilities.....\$306,259 28
The greatest amount insured in any one risk, \$15,000.
The greatest amount allowed by the company to be insured in any one city, town or village—no rules.
The greatest amount allowed to be insured in any one block depends upon its character.
Net amount premiums received from Dakota in 1880, \$1,280.
Net amount losses paid in Dakota in 1880, \$13,000.
STATE OF CONNECTICUT, County of Hartford.
Mark Howard, president, and James Nichols, secretary of the National Fire Insurance Company, being duly sworn, depose and say, that the foregoing is a full, true and correct statement of the assets and liabilities of the said insurance company is the true and correct statement of one hundred thousand dollars of actual cash capital, invested in the state and United States stocks and bonds, or in bond and mortgages of real estate unimproved and worth double the amount for which the same is mortgaged; and they are the above described officers of said insurance company.
JAMES NICHOLS, Secretary.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 24th day of January, 1881.
Seal
HERBERT B. LANDON,
Notary Public.
TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, Office of Auditor.
I, the undersigned, auditor of the territory of Dakota, hereby certify that the above is a correct copy of the statement or the condition of the above mentioned company on the 31st day of December, 1880, as shown by the original statement, and that the said original statement is now on file in this office.
In testimony thereof, I hereunto subscribe my name and affix my official seal, this 6th day of August, 1881.
L. M. PUNDT,
Territorial Auditor.

FREE Samples and Catalogue of best selling articles at earth. World Mfg Co., 22 Nassau St. N. Y.

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CELEBRATED
STOMACH
BITTERS
Feeble and Sickly Persons
Recover their vitality by pursuing a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most popular invigorant and alterative medicine in use. General debility, fever and ague, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism, and other maladies are completely removed by it. Ask those who have used it what it has done for them.
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ANAKESIS
DR. S. SILSBEE'S EXTERNAL PILE REMEDY
Gives Instant Relief, and is an Infallible
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Sold by Druggists everywhere. Price, \$1.00 per box, prepaid, by mail. Samples sent free to Physicians and all sufferers, by Neustaedter & Co., Box 8916, New York City. Sole manufacturers of ANAKESIS 50y1

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I wish to inform the people of Burleigh County that I have just opened in the building next to the TRIBUNE a Flour, Feed and Produce Store, and hope to see my friends at my new stand. I shall keep only the best articles at the lowest market price. Remember the place
No. 37 Main Street, two doors west of Postoffice.
FRANK DONNELLY.

ALLEN'S IRON TONIC BITTERS
A torpid liver and dyspepsia cause moroseness and irritability, and the mind becomes dull and cloudy. Persons suffering in this way are unfit for the ordinary pursuits and pleasures of life. ALLEN'S IRON TONIC BITTERS is the most powerful Blood Purifier and Tonic known, and it at the same time builds up and fortifies the system, invigorates the liver, aids digestion, and cures dyspepsia. It tones up, and reinforces the whole system, and imparts cheerfulness, vivacity and buoyancy of spirits.
Prepared by **J. P. ALLEN,** Druggist & Mfg. Pharmacist, ST. PAUL MINN.
For Sale by **W. A. HOLLENBAEK,** Druggist, Bismarck, D. T.

FITS EPILEPSY
OR
FALLING LICKNENS
Permanently Cured—No humbug—by one month's usage of Dr. GOULARD'S Celebrated, Infallible Fit Powders. To convince sufferers that these powders will do all we claim for them we will send them by mail, postpaid, a free Trial Box. As Dr. Goulard is the only physician that has ever made this disease a special study, and as to our knowledge thousands have been permanently cured by the use of these Powders, we will guarantee a permanent cure in every case or refund you all money expended. All sufferers should give these powders an early trial, and be convinced of their curative powers. Price for large box, \$3.00, or 4 boxes for \$10.00, sent by mail to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of price, or by express, C. O. D. Address
ASH & ROBBINS,
200 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Popular Monthly Drawing of the
COMMONWEALTH
DISTRIBUTION Co.
In the City of Louisville, on
Wednesday, August 31, '81
These drawings occur monthly (Sundays excepted) under provisions of an Act of the General Assembly of Kentucky.
The United States Circuit Court on March 31st entered the following decision:
1st—That the Commonwealth Distribution Company is legal.
2d—Its drawings are not fraudulent.
The Company has now on hand a large reserve fund. Read the list of prizes for the
AUGUST DRAWING.
1 Prize.....\$30,000/100 Prizes \$100 ea \$10,000
1 Prize.....10,000/200 Prizes 50 ea 10,000
1 Prize.....5,000/600 Prizes 25 ea 12,000
10 Prizes.....1,000/1,000 Prizes 10 ea 10,000
20 Prizes 500 ea 10,000
9 Prizes \$500 ea, Approximation Prizes, \$2,700
9 Prizes 200 ea " " 1,800
9 Prizes 100 ea, " " 900
1,900 Prizes, " " \$112,400
Whole Tickets, \$2. Half Tickets, \$1.
27 Tickets, \$60 55 Tickets, \$100.
Remit Money or Bank Draft in Letter, or send by Express. DON'T SEND BY REGISTERED LETTER OR POSTOFFICE ORDER. Orders of \$5 and upwards, by Express, can be sent at our expense. Address all orders to H. M. Boardman, Courier Journal Building, Louisville, Ky. or R. M. Boardman, 309 Broadway, New York
\$5,042,045 00
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In the Following Companies:
Springfield - \$1,361,948 00
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STOVES & RANGES
LEAD ALL OTHERS!
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Improvements and Conveniences found in no others.
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POPULAR EVERYWHERE.
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No. 37 Main Street, two doors west of Postoffice.
FRANK DONNELLY.

REPUBLICANISM (THREE GENERATIONS.)

From Soribner's Monthly.

FIRST.
Squire Cecil, at his high-arched gate
Stood with his son and heir;
Around him spread his rich estate,
Near rose his mansion fair.
And when a neighbor ragged, sad,
Unlearned, passed that way,
The father turned, and to the lad
These kindly words did say:

"There goes poor Muggins! Ah, my son,
How thankful we should be
That our republic gives a chance
To fellows such as he!"

THIRD.
Miss Muggins blazed in jewelled light,
And swept in silken shen;
Her courtiers thought a maid so bright
And beauteous never seen.
Aloft she held her haughty head,
Surveyed her Paris clothes;
"And I must patronize," she said,
Miss Cecil, I suppose.

"She's poor, she teaches, has no style!
In Europe now—but oh!
In this republic we're compelled
To meet all kinds, you know!"

THE FATAL QUARREL.

"But I say you shall not."
"And I say I will."

The speakers were husband and wife.
The former leaned on the mantel-piece, and
frowned angrily, looking down at the latter
as he spoke. The wife still sitting by the
tea-table, for that meal had just been finished,
did not glance up as she answered,
but went on talking to her lapdog in terms
of endearment, and feeding it with sugar.

Yes! they were husband and wife.
Seven years before, Carrie Dayton, just
eighteen, freshly freed from the trammels
of boarding school, had launched forth into
society, with a head full of romantic
ideas of love and marriage. There she
met with Harry Aylmer. To her he
seemed almost a god, so far superior to all
others, that very speedily she found herself
thinking more of him than any other admirer
and listening with beating pulses to his
manly tones. Men had envied him, women
had loved him—and this man had
grown weary of it all. But under the proud,
cold smile, was hidden away a warm heart,
somewhat crusted over with selfishness, it
is true, but it was there. And when he met
Carrie Dayton, he felt that he had encountered
his fate. Day after day found him at her
side, putting forth every effort to make
himself agreeable. So, after a few brief
months, they were married, and went forth
to tread life's journey together. They traveled
for awhile, and at last they settled in a
home of their own, replete with every comfort
and luxury—and life began in earnest.

Now came the crisis. From early childhood
Harry Aylmer had shown himself
possessed of an iron will, stern and unyielding.
Carrie, too, had a will of her own.
For the first few months of marriage it was
very pleasant for her to have him will for
her—and gracefully she yielded; but at
length the reins were drawn too tight; the
intense selfishness of the husband became
apparent even to Carrie—and there began
to grow up a spirit of rebellion on her part,
a desire to judge for herself sometimes and
to act accordingly. Matters grew from bad
to worse, until after a lapse of some three
years, a beautiful babe lay on the mother's
bosom; a bright, wet flower, with its amber
rings of hair, its pure white skin, and heavenly
blue eyes—a very miniature of the
mother who bore it. Reconciliation ensued
not spoken, but tacitly agreed upon. Husband
and wife seemed drawn together by this
little golden link, and while the little
angel gladdened their home, happiness remained.

But a bitter time came, which should
have served to unite those severed hearts
more closely. The child sickened and
died. When the stricken parents bowed
over their dead, each mentally resolved to
be all in all to each other, that no shadow
should come between them; but the lips
spoke not of the resolve made in their own
strength—pride kept them silent.

As the months passed on the old spirit
revived in each, and now after a few years
of wedded life, behold the pair whom "God
hath joined together," living in almost constant
enmity—each heart hardened and
cold, never a loving word or caress, only
silence or upbraiding.

So matters stood at the time our story
opened. The cozy room, with its rich
furniture, looked very inviting. Nothing
was lacking that taste could desire or wealth
supply. But the light from the glowing
fire fell upon the fair face of the wife,
where discontent lay like a dark shadow,
while the red lip curled in apparent contempt
or indifference. A heavy frown
darkened the husband's brow; the firm set
of the lip and the curve of the dilated nostrils
showed his excessive anger.

Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer had been asked to
an evening party, and both had expected to
go. But the husband had come home out
of humor, when he proceeded to vent on
his wife, concluding by saying he should
not go to the party. Mrs. Aylmer, vexed
at his manner even more than at his words,
had replied, tartly, that she should go without
him. "The invitation has been accepted;
we have no good reason for staying
away, and I, for one, intend to go."

"But I say you shall not," said the husband,
pushing his chair angrily back from the
tea-table, standing up, taking a turn
across the floor, and then going to the mantle
piece, where he stood, as we have described,
looking gloomily down on his wife.

"And I say I will," was the retort, as the
speaker turned away from the table, but retained
her seat, and began to fondle her lap-dog.
This was too much for the husband.
The cool indifference cut him to the heart.
With a smothered oath he flung
himself out of the room, put on his hat in
the hall, and went off to his club.

When the outer door was heard banging
after him, Mrs. Aylmer rose from her chair,
an angry light in her eye.

"I only half meant it," she said, "but now
I will go. If he had only asked me to remain
kindly; if he had said he was sick, or even
tired; if he had smiled on me, I would have
stayed at home. But I will not be ordered."

Never had she dressed with more care.
Never had she looked more beautiful than
when she entered her carriage to drive to the
ball.

After a couple of hours the husband
came home, for by this time his anger was
over, and he felt rather ashamed of himself.
His rage returned, however, when he found
that Mrs. Aylmer had really gone, for he
had persuaded himself that, after all, she
would remain. "How dare she defy me
thus?" he cried angrily. But, after a while,
came calmer thoughts. His mind began

to wonder over past years. He dreamed of
the bright maiden he had wooed, thought
of the golden head that had nestled on his
breast, or the blue eyes that had brightened
at his approach, of the warm kisses that
had melted away the ice that had crusted
around his heart. Then came to him the
memory of their child, and of the happy
hours they had spent watching its unfolding
beauties. He began to see, at last,
how he had wronged and injured the wife
he should have cherished. He sprang
from his seat and walked rapidly to and
fro. "This shall be no longer," he cried.
"I will beg her forgiveness; I will win back
my darling's love. She shall live on my
heart, as in the olden time."

The hour grew late, and he began to
wonder why she did not return. Opening
the door, he looked into the deserted street.
A strange dread stole over him, for nearer
and nearer came the sound of wheels,
driven rapidly. Hastening down, as the
carriage reached the door, he was confronted
by a man who sprang out, exclaiming,
breathlessly, "Mr. Aylmer, if you would
see your wife alive, come with me." And
forcing the terror-stricken husband into
the vehicle, they were whirled away.

Returning from the party, Carrie Aylmer
sat alone in her carriage, not thinking of
the gay scene she had left, but of unhappy
married life. She was taking to herself
much blame that she had not been more
submissive, more forbearing, and
wondering if it were too late to undo the
evil. Tender thoughts of the husband,
once so dear, were stealing into her heart.
Suddenly there came a sound of men
running, the cry of "Fire!" the whirr
of the engine, the rear and plunge of horses
the ineffectual efforts of the driver to control
them, then she was thrown violently
forward, and all was darkness.

When the repentant husband reached
the side of his wife death had sealed her
eyes. Some one had lifted her fair form
and borne it into the nearest house, but
medical aid was useless, the vital spark had
fled.

We cannot picture that strong man's
agony. He flung himself beside the body,
his voice grew hoarse with pleading for one
more look, one single word of forgiveness.
Alas! none came.

ABOUT THERMOMETERS.

Seasoned and Unseasoned Glass and Tinted
Tubes.—Minute Graduation.
From the New York Sun.

The manufacture of thermometers in
this country has quadrupled in the past
thirty years, and the price of the cheapest
thermometer has gone down from a dollar
to fifteen cents. Talking with Mr. John
Tagliabue recently, we learned some curious
facts about thermometers.

"The newest thing about them," said Mr.
Tagliabue, "is the establishment of a bureau
at Yale college for the testing and verification
of thermometers. It has been known
for some time that a process of molecular
contraction goes on in glass for about two
years after its manufacture. If you take a
new piece of glass tubing and make a thermometer
of it, at the end of two years your
graduation marks will be wrong. The
shrinkage of the glass will make the mercury
rise."

"Has this contraction been measured?"
"Yes, by Regnault, a French physicist,
who observed that the greatest part of the
contraction occurred in the first six
months."

"How do you allow for this in manufacturing?"

"For the most delicate work we use glass
tubing that has been laid aside and 'seasoned,'
as we call it, a couple of years. For
other work we sometimes graduate the thermometer
five-tenths of a degree too high. By the
time the thermometer is sold to the retail
purchaser it will be right. For ordinary
purposes the variation is imperceptible,
and of no account."

"How about coloring the tubing to make
the mercury more plainly visible?"

"That has been tried recently, and found
to be of no practical value where the coloring
is distinct, red, for instance. As a matter
of fact, the tubing of the thermometers has
for forty years been tinted with white
at the back. That makes the mercury which
is black, show the most perfect contrast.
I know of no way of coloring mercury, but
in spirit thermometers the fluid can be tinted
with various colors."

"What practical difference is there between
a spirit and a mercury thermometer?"

"The mercury is the more expensive and
the only available substance for delicate
work. Spirits will show the changes of
temperature in time, but the spirit is not
as sensitive as the mercury, and takes longer
to expand. If you take a spirit thermometer
from a temperature of twenty degrees
into a temperature of seventy degrees it
will not mark seventy degrees in less than
an hour. A mercurial thermometer would
show it in ten minutes. Therefore a spirit
thermometer would not do for a Turkish
bath or sick room."

"Where is the glass tubing of which thermometers
are manufactured produced?"

"Thirty years ago there were three glass
houses in and near New York. Now we
have to go 300 miles for our glass. The
very best tubing for thermometers is made
in England, because the glass is much more
clear and brilliant. But we make as good
instruments in this country as anywhere."

"What is the cost of the best thermometer?"

"The mounting may cost what you please,
of course. The most expensive tube I ever
made was for Engineer Emory, of the
United States navy, which cost \$45. It was
actually graduated to fiftieths of a degree,
and you can read between the lines the
hundredth part of a degree. There are
thermometers made for \$2 apiece that are
graduated to read tenths of a degree. What
are called the body thermometers, or clinical
thermometers, are made very nicely of
glass we call 'seasoned,' for want of a better
name. They must be graduated with
great accuracy, and you can read eighths
and tenths of a degree easily."

"Why did the glass houses move away?"

"That has always been a puzzle to me.
The Brooklyn glass was formerly as good
as any in the world. But they broke up
their establishment and moved to Corning,
because production was cheaper there. Now
the English tube is fifty per cent. better
for the best work."

"What country makes most thermometers?"

"Formerly Italy did, but of late years
England and other countries have come in."

For hoarseness take the whites of two
eggs, beat them with two teaspoonfuls of
white sugar, grate in a little nutmeg, then
add a pint of lukewarm water, stir well,
drink often, and it will cure the most obstinate
case of hoarseness in a short time.

A WAR SONG, SUNG AT HOME.

My soldier love! when he marched away
How bright he looked and how brave!
I little thought he marched that day
To a distant, nameless grave.

He fought, he died—for what, Oh men!
For a flag, a dream, a word!
Love, joy and home he left, and then
To the battle front he spurred.

Oh, what a flag but a bit of silk
With eagles, stripes or stars!
But a woman's heart—why, God Himself
Hath pity for its scars.

—Scriba.

WOODED IN THE DOCK.

There were twenty-seven persons charged
with various offenses before his honor that
morning. It was only about eighteen
months ago.

One of the accused was a young girl
about seventeen, who was weeping very
bitterly. The usual crowd of hangers-on
to the police court was leaning eagerly at
the unfortunate tramp, the irreclaimable
drunkard, the foreheadless petty larcenist
and the burly burglar.

But there was something in this young
girl's sobs, in this sorrow of the fair-haired
maiden who had passed the night in the
same cell with drunken prostitutes, female
divs and thieves and women of the worse class,
that was heart-breaking.

Even the bailiff of the court—accustomed
to criminal misery and inured to scenes of
suffering, from the suicide to a wanton to
the execution of a murderer, and his parting
with his mother and sisters—even the
bailiff felt touched, and, walking up to the
railing, whispered some kind word in her
ear.

And next to her sat a young man pale as
death. The humiliation of his position
stood out in bold relief; in his attitude
and in every feature of his face; in the
nervous clutch of his hands; in the shifting
of his feet, the disarranged hair and the
silently expressed suffering.

The judge was late that morning, and
kept the prisoners waiting.

"Don't cry," the young man was saying
to the girl who sat next to him, "I am sure
you have done nothing wrong. I would
pledge my life that you have not. Tell me
your trouble and I will tell you mine. I
have been with a wholesale jeweler for two
years, and I got into bad company, took
some gold that I was to work up into a
bracelet and sold it. I first accused some
one of having stole it, but last night I
confessed. They had me arrested, and I shall
plead guilty and take my punishment."

The girl turned her head quickly, and
between her sobs said:

"But I—I have done nothing wrong; only
one of the girls at the store where I work,
put some lace in my pocket because—because
she is jealous of me, and then they found
it there, and a policeman came, and, Oh—
my heart is breaking!"

"Hugh Murray, accused of robbing his
employer, what have you to say?"

"Guilty."

His face was whiter than ever, but his
mouth was firm and resolute, and after he
had said the word that made him a convict,
he faced the magistrate and said:

"Your Honor, I have said guilty because
I should be a liar if I said anything else,
but, your honor, I have this to add to my
plea: I never drank wine in all my life
until last Friday night, and I was utterly
under its influence when I took that gold."

And at this juncture an elderly man stepped
forward and said, in a voice choked
with emotion, "Your Honor, I am this
young man's employer, and I am sorry that
I have taken these steps now. With your
permission I will withdraw the charge."

But his honor only looked a little dimly
through his spectacles and said: "Too late;
complaint sworn to, arrest made, prisoner
pleads guilty."

And so it came to pass that Hugh Murray
expired the one criminal act of his life by
six months in the house of correction.

But, before he left the dock, he managed
to whisper to his neighbor, "Tell me your
name, won't you? I have been so bad, and
I am sure you are so good; and, perhaps,
when my punishment is over, you, who are
so gentle, will let me come and see you, and
call you friend."

And she, with her great eyes all bleared
with tears, said faintly: "My name is Isabel
Daly. I hope you won't ever be bad again,
and that they won't be unkind to you."

And he passed out of the dock with those
words ringing in his ears: "I hope you won't
ever be bad again, and that they won't be
unkind to you." And when he reached the
cell from which they were to take him away
for the house of correction, the firmness that
kept him up so far all left him, and, crouched
on the cold stones, he burst into a fit of
passionate weeping.

He was not long alone, for his employer
had followed him, and the once-severe master
was now as badly broken down as the
clerk whom he had caused to be punished
so severely. The old jeweler put his arms
around Hugh's neck, and for several minutes
could not speak. At last he said:

"My poor boy, I wish I could undo this.
When I saw you standing in the dock, you
made me think of a boy of my own who
was ruined by the wine cup, and left me
for I don't know where. What can I do?
How can I undo this?"

There was no reply, for both hearts were
too full to speak for a moment, but the
young man at last raised his head and said:
"I was not crying like a baby at my punishment,
and I have nothing but good will to you.
If you have been harsh to me, I do not
know it. Let me be candid with you. I
was a thief and a drunkard; a thief for
the first time and a drunkard for the first
time, but still I was both. If you think
you have been harsh, then, when my punishment
is over help me to go somewhere where I can get work—along way
off and where my story is not known—and as
I live, I will repay your kindness tenfold.
And there is a young girl," he continued,
"charged with stealing some lace up stairs.
Will you see to her? I am sure she is innocent,
and in the dock she forgot all her troubles
for a moment to ask me never to be bad
again. It was that, Mr. Belden, which made
me give you weakly."

The parting was a very sad one, but the
inevitable had to come, and Hugh Murray
was for six months to come only "No. 143,"
in the Western Corridor.

A few days after he had been in prison
he received a trunk full of new clothing
from his late employer, some luxuries in
the way of food, etc., that were specially
permitted by the warden, and the following
letter:

MY DEAR HUGH: Please accept the accompanying
little gifts from me, and keep

up a good heart. I send you some useful
books with which to employ your time.
Your friend, who was in such trouble, was
perfectly innocent, and was discharged,
her arrest having been a conspiracy, and
she is now head saleswoman of the house
where she was accused of theft. I called
and told her yesterday how bitterly you
suffered from her sympathy, and the noble
girl burst into tears and bade me tell you
to be of good courage and never to be bad
again.

And a year after this there was a little
quiet wedding in Toronto, Canada, and
the bridegroom was a successful young
jeweler just started in business, and
president of one of the total abstinence
societies, while the bride's name was Isabel
Daly. And as he held her to his heart after
the ceremony, he whispered: "Darling,
do you remember that you were wooed in a
prison dock?"

The one strange thing about the wedding
was, however, that when they got to their
new little home there was a letter addressed
to Mr. and Mrs. Murray, and it has a
smudge on it just like as if an old-fashioned
salt tear had fallen on it, and all that
was inside of it was a check for \$1,000,
signed by Everett Belden.

CAPSIZED BY A FISH.

A Romantic Summer Story From the River
St. Lawrence.

A romantic story comes from Clayton,
one of the many resorts on the St. Lawrence.
Almost every day this summer a
young woman, the daughter of a wealthy
merchant of Ottawa, has been seen sailing
along the American shore, trolling for large
fish. One afternoon last week a young
American named Rice was rowing in his
paper-shell near Governor Alford's island.
About half a mile from the shore, on looking
around, he saw the young Canadian woman
struggling with her oars and the trolling
line attached to her right arm drawn taut.
She evidently had caught a large
muscalonge or sturgeon, and was endeavoring
to pull around with her larboard oar so
as to follow the fish gradually. In her
excitement she leaned too far to the star-
board side and tumbled into the water.

Rice, with a few pulls at his sculls, quickly
reached the unfortunate young woman and
caught her by the arm. The combined
weight of the two upset his shallow shell
and in a twinkling both were struggling in
the water. The trolling line was still at-
tached to the young lady's arm, while she
clung to her boat, and the fish seemed to
be pulling Rice, his fair charge and the
boat down the stream rapidly. Rice, after
considerable struggle, succeeded in getting into
the fair Canadian's boat, and then pulled
her in after him. She appeared but little
frightened and said she had had similar ex-
perience before, but on these occasions she
had been obliged to rescue herself. During
this explanation Rice noticed that the trolling
line was still taut and the young woman
had not relinquished her hold of it. Convinced
that something large was at the other end
of the line he pulled it in as rapidly
as possible and was overjoyed to see a
mammoth muscalonge rise to the surface.
It was quickly secured, and the young Canadian,
forgetting her wet clothes and mishap,
seemed to be delighted. She insisted
that her rescuer should take the muscalonge,
and he accepted it, with the understanding
that he should accompany her hereafter in
her fishing trips. The young woman is
beautiful; the young man gallant; more
soon.

A New Style of Hero.

From the St. Louis Globe.

The hero of the hour in New Mexico, the
king lion of the territorial menagerie, is
Patsy Garrett, the slayer of Billy the Kid.
His name is in everybody's mouth. The
papers are full of his exploits and his
praises. The very children in the streets
stop and honor him with a curious and
admiring stare as he passes. I met him yesterday
in Santa Fe, and a milder-looking,
gentler-spoken fellow I never saw. He is
about 27 years old, 6 feet 5 inches tall, and
of almost willowy tenderness, with the
slight tendency to a stoop in position that
is natural to one of his build. His complexion,
naturally fair, is sun-tanned to a
ruddy brown. His eyes are grayish brown,
and keen as an eagle's, and his hair and
slight mustache are of a light brown tint,
scarcely deeper than golden. His voice
is as soft as a woman's and he rarely
uses it to talk of himself. He spoke
very kindly of the Kid, and having occasion,
in reply to a question, to allude to the exploit
which has made him famous, simply remarked:
"He was taken the night of the 14th of
this month." I asked him if the Kid
had really killed as many men as the
papers report, from nineteen to twenty-six.
"No," he answered, in his musical feminine
voice, "he only killed eleven that I know
of." I thought one for every two years of
his life was nearly enough. Some hitch
having occurred in regard to the reward,
Garrett expected to get from the territorial
authorities, the people of all the cities and
towns in the territory have gone to work
to raise a subscription for him, and Las
Vegas alone has already made up a purse
of nearly \$1,200 in gold. If other places
do as much in proportion, the fund will
amount to a good many thousands.

How a Faithful Wife Tried to Relieve
Her Husband's Pain.

From the New Orleans Times.

Wriggles had some teeth pulled lately,
and took cold in his jaw, which swelled
until it looked like a prize watermelon. He
poulticed it and banded it, all to no purpose,
and walked the floor several nights
with it, quoting choice extracts from Bob
Ingersoll's lectures, but all to no purpose;
it kept on swelling. The other morning he
remarked to his wife that he'd give \$50 to
any one that would hit him a tremendous
thump on it suddenly without his expecting
it, to see if it wouldn't burst the swelling.

The dear woman, smiling to herself, went
and gathered a bootjack, and stepping up
quietly behind the old man as he was trying
to strain some coffee through his teeth, lovingly
inquired:—"Where does it pain you most,
Wrigg?" "O, Lord! right here, right here,"
replied he, as he turned his jaw up and
pointed to the apex of the protuberance.
Taking a step back the dear woman raised the bootjack on high and hit
him a regular bungstarter right in the center
of the calamity, and smilingly stepped
back to await results. The old man's knees
flew to his chin as he shut up like a
patent rat trap, and with a hollow groan he
rolled off the chair on to the floor. But he
was up in a moment, and as he danced the
can-can, with original variations, his wife
smilingly asked: "Did it relieve you, dear?"

And as he tried to howl out an answer old
Mrs. Pry, who had just dropped in, beat a
hasty retreat. And now the whole neighborhood
has it that Mr. Wriggles has got
em again. And as Mrs. Pry remarked,
"That 'ere comit will be the death 'o some
'o these old baldheads yet, settin' up to
watch it."

Gen. Hazen's Experience With a Wound.

From the Cleveland Leader.

A large number of friends called upon
him (Gen. W. B. Hazen) at the Forest City
house, and during the conversation that
ensued he gave a very interesting account
of a wound that he received that bears a
striking likeness to that of the president's.
"It was during the Indian fight in 1859,"
said the general. "I was then a lieutenant,
and during a charge I was shot with a re-
volver in the hands of a redskin. The
savage was about ten feet from me. The
shot struck me in the middle of the left
hand and passing through entered my abdomen,
passing clean through and lodging in the
muscles of my back. The ball carried
away part of the rib, and the same feature
noticed in the president's wound followed—the
high intermittent fever and increase
pulsations, the formation of pus pockets
and the irritation caused by the shattered
bone. I had to undergo the same operation
for the removal of the splintered bone,
and the incisions gave an opening for the
pus. The wounds healed, that in my hand,
however, giving me the greatest trouble, it
being eighteen months before I could use
it at all. The ball never troubled me until
fifteen years after. In 1872 I fell on the
ice, and the cyst enclosing the ball broke,
and it began to gravitate. I noticed a
severe pain, but did not imagine it was the
ball until it became so unbearable, that I
was compelled to give it attention. It grew
worse and worse, and I endured almost excruciating
agony. It lodged again so close
to the femoral nerves that my right leg was
paralyzed, and I was in a terrible condition.
I had to stop work, and it was only a year
before that the ball ceased to trouble me,
and it is in my body to-day."

Discourse on Kissing.

From an Exchange.

Kissing may be said to be like swimming.
The kisser must abandon himself wholly to
the business—close his eyes, as it were,
and trust to the natural buoyancy of his
body to recover himself after the ecstatic
plunge. A girl takes a kissing as kittens
take to sport, with a natural appetite for the
quintessence of its delight. Under the tuition
of any girl the most bashful youth soon
learns the operation of the lips, and once
learned the art is never lost. No rules can
be given for the pursuing or the placing of
the lips. The suggestion that it might be
practiced before the mirror is not worth
considering, as there is an intellectual process
in the artistic development of a kiss
which cannot be stimulated or invoked save
under the eye of the owner of the lips that
invite and under the tender spell that
transforms those lips into the one object
in all the world that the lover yearns to
taste. The sign of the right sort of a kiss
is unmistakable. There is a mounting color
in the cheek and a softer glitter in the
eyes that tells the story with youth or
maturity. There is a theory that the mus-
tache plays a leading part in the perfect
kiss, but this must be a matter of option
as Byron—who was so fond of kisses, longed
to have all the kissable lips in the world
made into one mouth that he might kiss
—had no mustache. Julius Caesar, too,
who dropped into kissing as a relaxation,
had no beard. Indeed the chronicles of
kissing would probably show that the
beardless gallants, whose kissing made the
happiness of the queens of beauty of old,
were none the less effective with lips that
knew no beard.

A Negro's Kindness to His Old Master.

Salem (Va.) Letter to Norfolk Virginian.

One of the most remarkable characters of
the day arrived here on Friday night. He
was no other than a colored man named
Dr. Wm. Key, from Shelbyville, Tenn.
When the war closed he found himself free
and his old master and mistress penniless.
His former owners gave him a fair education
while a slave, which he made use of by
entering college and becoming a veterinary
surgeon and an M. D. With the knowledge
thus gained he invented a liniment, the sale
of which has netted him a fortune. While
on the high road to prosperity he never lost
sight of his former friends—his old master
and mistress—but kept them up in their
former style of living while they remained
on earth. He then undertook the education
of their son by sending him to college;
and for these reasons I style William
Key a remarkable man, because there
are not many ex-slaves that would have
done as he did. He carries the strongest
testimony I ever read. It is signed by the
mayor of Shelbyville, and the clerk and
sheriff of Bedford county, Tenn.

General Grant's New House.

From the New York Sun.

General Grant has bought a large double
house at 3 East Sixty-sixth street in this
city, and it is said that he is to make
New York his home in the future. The house
is new and has never been occupied. It
has a brown-stone front, bay windows, and
is four stories tall. It is thirty-seven feet
wide and eighty feet deep. The house is
one door from Fifth avenue and overlooks
Central Park. It is in a part of the city
that has just been built up. Ten years ago
there was not a house to be seen on that
part of Manhattan Island, and only six
years ago a bear was killed within a
stone's throw of General Grant's new
house. The bear had escaped from the
Central Park Menagerie, and was going to
take a bath in Beekman's pond. Now the
whole region is covered with brown-stone
houses. The price asked for General
Grant's house was \$100,000, but it was
bought for \$93,000. The house is very
plain. It stands at the end of a row of
dwellings, all alike, with the exception of
General Grant's house which is larger than
the rest. It has a spacious reception room
on one side of the hall, and the parlors are
opposite.

FALLEN AMONG THIEVES.

From the London World.

Jack Brittleby, Lord Bareleigh's fifth son, was on the verge of a general smash up when he encountered, at the Cercle de la Mediterranee, at Nice, Lazarus B. Spadge, the owner of a silver mine at Nevada. This Spadge was a downright cad, but money flew off his finger-tips like sparks off a grindstone. He had made his fortune all of a sudden, after having been a hostler, a convict, a soldier, a keeper of a liquor bar, and finally a mining tramp. He had left England at the age of fifteen on an emigrant ship with his parents; at twenty he was fighting as a private on the confederate side; at twenty-two he had deserted, and was a lieutenant in the federal army; at thirty he was in Sing-Sing under a sentence of five years for murder and robbery; at thirty-five he was in the insurance line of business, that is to say that he bought ramshackle houses, filled with grimy furniture, insured them for ten times their value, and then set fire to them; at forty, after a new term in goal, he was keeping the liquor bar at Jim's Gulch, but had to fly suddenly to escape lynching, on account of two travelers having been found dead behind his premises with empty pockets. At forty-one having bought a "claim" (supposed to be "used up") from a despondent Irishman for a bottle of whisky, he had "struck silver" the same day (which led by the-by, to his being obliged to shoot the Irishman, who wanted to cry off from the bargain), and now, at the age of forty-three, he was back again in Europe, traveling like a prince, with a fortune estimated at a million dollars a year.

Lazarus B. Spadge was not one of your lantern-jawed, goat-bearded Yankees, who swing speech through their nostrils, as if they had learned to talk by listening to a banjo. He did speak with a slight twang, and used slang that was often quite incomprehensible; but on the whole he had preserved many of the characteristics of his Anglo-Saxon blood. He was a tall, stout, broad-shouldered fellow, with a fringing of orange-whiskers and beard round his face, and a clean shaven upper lip. He dressed in tight-fitting, horsey clothes, the result of his early profession as hostler, and he looked somewhat like a jolly stage-coachman of old days. He always wore a white hat and long, white-topped coat. The corner of a red silk handkerchief peeped out of his breast pocket, and his hands were covered with dogskins. The French gentlemen among whom he had been spending his money most freely in Paris and at Nice looked upon him as a fine specimen of the American Midland, though he disgusted them somewhat by chewing Virginia tobacco and expectorating on carpets, wall-papers, polished steel fences, and where, in short, Jack Brittleby had little taste for card-playing, but he had come to Nice as a last desperate venture, thinking he might by some hazard pick up enough at Monaco and the Cercle to carry him through the next season. If the truth must be told, he was not without some ugly desire of trying a neat trick which he had learned of a London conjurer, to insure two or three safe deals at baccarat. He was fairly on his beam ends, poor wretch. His father, who was impecunious, had sworn not to give him another shilling beyond his £300 a year, so that Jack was only holding on to his commission in the Hussars by the skin of his teeth. The particular hobby that had brought him to grief was plunging on the turf.

Lazarus B. Spadge had been holding the bank at bac, one night, when he heard some one behind him say: "Here's Brittleby." He gave a slight start, but went on making any amount of money, then passed the bank, and slouched up to Jack, who had not yet commenced play, but was sitting in an armchair, chewing a toothpick. "Guess you're Mr. Brittleby?"

"I am; and you are Mr. Spadge?"

"You've about fixed it. How's old Bareleigh getting on? I reckon it's tarnation chawed up at this time."

"Are you alluding to my father or the estate? Both are pretty well, thank you."

"Damn it! I'll go and see the old place. I was born there; and the first cowering I ever got was from your father's under-keeper, Joe Barbary. Damn him! a bully chap he was for setting night traps to catch pheasants?"

"These are pleasant recollections," laughed Jack Brittleby. "I suppose you have keepers of your own now?"

"Come and have a drink," said Mr. Spadge, drawing out a gold watch resembling a small warming pan. "Guess you'll have time enough to play by-and-bye. What'll yer name—cocktail, eye-opener, sudden death? A long drink or a short one?"

"Thanks. I'll take a soda and brandy?"

"Reckon you like long drinks. I drink short—you bet. Garsoff, take this gentleman's order; and bring me a tumbler full of whisky, right away, damn yer; and don't stand goggling there, as if ye'd a ten-foot pole down your throat!"

The result of the little "wet" which Jack and Lazarus Spadge had together was that they became good friends. Jack would have sworn amity to the devil at that moment, if he could have seen a chance of fleeing him. He played at bac, for a couple of hours, and lost £200, all the money he had, except a £20 note to carry him home. But he was staying in the same hotel as the American, and next morning he saw that worthy in the breakfast-room tucking a steak soused with pepper and chutney.

"Guess they can't fix a steak in this country," grumbled Mr. Spadge, with his mouth full. "Darned silly meat it is, which kinder melts in your mouth, and don't give yer teeth a fair chance. Waal, Mr. Brittleby, air, you were down on your luck yes'day night, I calculate. Sort o' cleaned out, I should reckon. Darned if I won't try a chop. He, garson, you cursed white nigger, bring me two chops, stretched out considerable, and don't stand showing me your biled shirt, with the flim gold studs in it."

"I was very hard hit last night, Mr. Spadge, that's a fact," said Jack, who had made up his mind to tap the Yankee for a loan, if possible.

"Hard hit; hold on! you've dealt out an odd trump there," exclaimed Mr. Spadge. "What d'yer signify by hard hit? You Britsers talk such darned queer English."

"Well, I got a pretty tidy facer."

"Shuffle the cards, boss, and make a new deal. You've about spread me, I reckon. Can't read that nohow, not without specs."

"Well, I lost more money than I could afford," smiled Jack. "As I am expecting remittances, I was going to ask you whether you would oblige me by kindly lending."

"Darned if I lend yer a cent," replied Spadge, bluntly. "Guess your name's Brit-

tleby and mine's Spadge. You tie us both up in a bag and shake us. Them that holds yer 'nd flap yer over his head like a cotton pocket handkerchief, that's sartin; but he couldn't lift the sack in which I was situated. He'd 'ave to hollar for the steam crane, by golly, if he bust for it, because I'm a rich man, stranger—they're ain't a richer in Nevada. Every darned fool knows that."

"I did know it, Mr. Spadge, and that's why I ventured to hope."

"Hold on; don't shoot till the doll's up. Twenty thousand dollars is my bid. Will you go partners at the figure, and pilot me about as the coon did Toby Flag's dog, till he'd shown that cussed pup all the picturesque locations in Virginia?"

"Do you mean that you want me to go to America as your partner?" asked Jack, mystified. He was already minded to accept the offer.

"Cussed if I didn't think your dad had paid some schooling for yer," remarked Lazarus B. Spadge, sententiously. "Boss, you don't comprehend your mother tongue. I shouldn't be exactly such a fool, not now, as to take you to the United States where you'd be o' no more use to me than a prize-show 'oss with his tail clipped to a man boatin' down river on a pine-raft. Guess I'll have a darned mean opinion of yer if yer talk that—it's such a cussed foolish talk, it is. I calculate your sphere of usefulness lies in old Europe, as they said to the Dutchman who got kicked out of New York for trying to pass bad coin in that enlightened city. You know all these tracks about here, which I don't; so it's worth my while to rent you as a guide for so much down and all your liquoring free, so long as you suit. That's what I reckon."

Then it transpired that Lazarus B. Spadge was to be taken to England, to visit the abodes of aristocracy, the Tower of London, Queen Victoria and the royal family. But in particular he wanted—"wanted bad," as he said—to go as a guest for a fortnight's stay to Bareleigh Hall. He offered to pay for his board and drinks in that establishment at crack Paris hotel prices, but work it any way you pleased, he wanted to dine at Lord Bareleigh's table. "Fact is, boss, I was born on that estate, and 'tain't no use trying to forget how grand a location I thought it. When my lord passed I used to tremble in my shoes and feel kinder dried up. Guess 'twont be the same now; no, not by a large majority. But, all the same, I'd like to see your dad, and do a good turn for the old 'oss if he wants it."

"I'm sure my father will be delighted to see you," replied Jack; and in this he spoke the truth, for Lord Bareleigh was always glad to see people who had money.

So the matter was "fixed," and about a week later, Jack having written to apprise his father, the pair started for Bareleigh Hall. Mr. Spadge behaved well in shelling out his \$20,000 in advance; but he required good work for his money, and interrogated his guide all along the route, asking him questions sometimes childish, sometimes deep, about every object of interest they passed. At last, when Bareleigh Hall was reached, Lazarus Spadge showed considerable elation; and he wrung the hand of Lord Bareleigh, whose reception of him was kindly courteous, till the old man was ready to cry from pain. Then the American set eyes on a very beautiful, aristocratic girl, dressed in a bewitching costume.

"I saw, boss," he said, violently nudging Jack, and speaking pretty audibly; "guess I'm a bachelor, and that critter would just about fit me, I reckon."

"Why, she's my sister, Emma," replied Jack.

"Guess that makes it all the easier," answered Mr. Spadge. "If I'm of the same mind this day week, I'll give you twenty thousand dollars more for getting the business fixed. Now introduce me."

The plague of the Bareleigh household was its poverty. My lord had five extravagant sons and three daughters who had married badly. His fourth and youngest daughter Emma now wanted to "make an idiot" of herself also by marrying a brother-officer of Jack's, who had nothing but debts. Miss Emma, however, had a pretty good dose of worldly wisdom. She was desperately fond of her lover, but he and she had resolved to adjourn their marriage till something should turn up. When she saw Lazarus Spadge, and heard of his wealth and vulgar extravagance, she wondered whether he was not destined to be that something. Jack and his sister used to talk about their embarrassments with affectionate frankness. They did so on the night of Mr. Spadge's arrival, when everybody else was in bed.

"Well, you made something out of the Nice trip, Jack," Emma began, "how much?"

"Four thou, and I'll give you five hundred dollars to pay your milliner's bills."

"Five hundred won't pay them, Jack—thanks all the same, for the money will be very welcome."

"You can make a lot more for yourself, if you play your cards well. Look here, Emmie, you must let this disgusting brute make love to you; he's not half a bad fellow when you know him."

"He shall make love to me, if he pleases."

"And if he proposes to you, don't say no."

"I won't say yes, either. I'll do nothing beyond reason."

"Well, your'e a sharp girl, and you understand a demi mot. The brute was born a stable-boy on this estate, and he is literally coated with money. It's odd if we don't make something out of him; for he can afford to pay for his flirting."

"I saw papa was already sounding him about a mortgage this evening."

"Oh! it's quite fair that the governor should have his pickings, too," said Jack; "there's enough on Spadge for everybody."

The wealthy Spadge was not a man who could have been gunned out of his money by any New York sharper, but he had come to Bareleigh resolved to give money to the old lord, if the latter should need it. It tickled his vanity to do the magnificent toward his former master; so within less than a week he had parted with £10,000 on the security of a mortgage. He then asked Jack whether it was the "krrect thing" to make presents to young ladies "whom a chap might be courtin'?" and, on receiving an affirmative reply, he bought Emma six rings, a diamond necklace, five bracelets and a gold-mounted dressing-case all at once. The aggregate value of these things was £2,000, and Emma had no difficulty about accepting them. She intended, as soon as the American had turned his back, to resell them all, saving one of the rings and a bracelet, to the jeweller of whom

they had been bought, and who was her jeweler. Even if this man deducted twenty-five per cent. from the price, Miss Emma would have made a splendid haul. She began also to see her way to marrying her lover. The American made hot love to Emma every day in language which obliged her to stuff her handkerchief into her mouth to keep from laughing. In the evening he would play cards with Lord Bareleigh or Jack, and mostly lose, for his attention always wandered from his cards, to Emma's fair face and lustrous shoulders. The cards he played was £5 the point and £20 on the rub, so that he contrived to drop a good deal of desultory coin into the laps of his kind hosts.

All this had been going on for a fortnight, when of a sudden, Mr. Spadge's attentions toward Emma cooled. He became shy, avoided her company and seemed embarrassed whenever she was present. But he did not talk of shortening his stay at the Hall. On the contrary, he seemed desirous of remaining for a while longer. Jack could not understand it. His suspicions were aroused, however, by the fact that Mr. Spadge took to retiring to bed at the unusually early hour of 9:30. One night he resolved to watch him, and surprised him in the very act of making love to the youngest housemaid—a pretty wench called Maggie—in the kitchen garden.

"What, Mr. Spadge, is that you," he exclaimed, in accents of feigned horror, as the housemaid fled, squealing.

"Boss, hold on, answered the American, rather crestfallen, but still speaking firmly. "Guess you know the track now, so it's no use drawing a skunk's slot across it. Truth is, I was a darned fool to think of marrying your sister, because I can't understand her lingo, you see, nor she mine. Guess we'd be like two figures in a wax work show, squinting at each other. But now this female help o' yours, Miss Maggie, is a downright slap-up lady, I reckon. I and she can fix it right away. So I conclude I will make her my wife."

"That's all very well, Mr. Spadge, but you've trifled with my sister's affections. Such conduct is not tolerated in this country."

"Hev' your six-shooter, if you like," said Mr. Spadge, with a penitent drawl; but if you'd sooner hev' everything squared, name your figger. I'm a gentleman, darn it and can pay."

"Twenty thousand pounds, and you tear up my father's mortgage," answered Jack, making a grand coup.

"Tench there—put your fist here," said the American, opening his palm wide. "The matter is concluded; but now, I guess, I'll ask a favor of you. I want my lord and Miss Emma to attend the wedding—it'll please Maggie so."

"Maggie is a very lucky girl, sir," cried the overjoyed Jack.

"Guess she ain't luckier than I, who've found a good wife—a slap-up lady, too—who'll be a pride to the new country," repeated the amorous Yankee.

And so the affair was happily settled, to the satisfaction of all parties. Lazarus B. Spadge had dropped about £50,000 to win the hand of a housemaid; but in so doing he achieved good things for others beside himself, for he picked a noble family out of debt and enabled Miss Emma shortly afterward to marry her lover, with a portion of £10,000 and a "clean slate"—i. e., all bills paid.

Miscellaneous Items.

The recently devised "self-leveling berth" is claimed to be the only invention yet brought forward which effectually removes the cause of sea sickness. Its peculiarity lies in the application of what is known as the universal joint, upon which the berth is poised, and which is directed in its motion by a crescent shaped weight, thus securing a perfectly level surface, no matter at what angle the vessel may pitch and roll; it is also controlled and regulated by India rubber springs, preventing any tendency to jump up with a sudden jerk.

There have been two most distressing cases lately, one in Virginia and the other in Ohio, of respectable young women being enticed into marriage with plausible rascals. In both instances the acquaintance of the parties was brief, and the swindlers were men who were unknown to the friends of the women. In both instances the women were deserted within a few days after marriage by their husbands, who run away with all the plunder they could put their hands on. It is impossible not to pity the unhappy dupes; but really it is amazing that intelligent women should be willing to take such a risk with perfect strangers.

A striking increase in the valuation of real estate in Brooklyn, N. Y., is shown in the late return of the assessors. The total valuation of real and personal property in the city is \$257,364,306, of which \$240,251,306 is the valuation of real estate and \$17,127,441 that of personal property. This is an increase of \$23,527,775 over the valuation of last year, \$13,617,073 of the increase being gained in real property. The increase is sufficient to reduce the rate of taxation 25 cents on the \$100 of valuation.

The Erie, Pa. Dispatch tells of a Chinaman of that city who has gone back to his native land a millionaire—that is, he has saved enough in washing shirts to give him about the same moneyed status in China as William L. Scott enjoys in Erie. The Dispatch concludes: "Altogether his six years' sojourn in Erie has been most satisfactory. He has saved over \$2,500, can speak fair English for a Chinaman, can play euchre, has acquired catarrh, and goes back a Free-Will Baptist. Could an American in China hope to accomplish more in the same time?"

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W. M. A. HOLLENBACK,	Drugs and Medicines, No. 92 Main street.
J. P. DUNN & CO.,	Drugs and Medicines, No. 92 Main street.
PETERSON, VELDER & CO.,	Drugs and Medicines, No. 32 Main street.
CROCKERY.	
JOHN WHALEN,	Crockery and Glassware, No. 44 Main street.
MARKETS.	
J. JUSTUS BRAGG,	Montana Market, No. 26 Main street.
T. W. GRIFFIN,	General Market, No. 72 Main street.
REAL ESTATE.	
JAS. A. EMMONS,	Real Estate Agent, No. 68 Main street.
W. M. S. BENNETT,	Real Estate Agent, No. 94 Main street.
FLANNERY & WETHERBY,	Real Estate Agents, No. 47 Main street.
HOTELS.	
SHERIDAN HOUSE,	E. H. Bly, Proprietor, Main street, between Fourth and Fifth.
MERCHANTS HOTEL,	Marsh & Wakeman, Proprietors, No. 50 Main street.
WESTERN HOUSE,	J. G. Malloy, Proprietor, No. 96 Main street.
CUSTER HOTEL,	Thos. McGowan, Proprietor, No. 13 North Fifth street.
PACIFIC HOTEL,	Louis Peterson, Proprietor, No. 31 North Fourth street.
METROPOLITAN HOTEL,	Leo & Atchison, Proprietors, No. 14 Second street.
RIVER HOTEL,	Wm. Eades, Proprietor, Steamboat Landing.
CONFECTIONERY.	
HARRY BARRETT,	36½ Main street.
W. H. STIMPSON,	No. 64 Main street.
WALTER STERLAND,	68½ Main street.
AMUSEMENTS.	
BISMARCK OPERA HOUSE,	Sam. Whitnev, Proprietor, No. 60 Main street.
DELPHIA VARIETIES,	R. J. Trux, Proprietor, No. 16 North Fourth street.
ROADE GARDEN,	Den Howe & Co., Proprietors, No. 102 Main street.
STEAMBOAT LINES.	
COULSON LINE,	D. W. Maratta, Superintendent, No. 12 South Fourth street.
NORTHWEST TRANSPORTATION CO.,	J. C. O'Connor, Agent, No. 9 North Fourth street.
BENTON "P" LINE,	I. P. Baker, Agent, No. 71 Main street.
YELLOWSTONE LINE,	Joseph Leighton, Manager, St. Paul.

BANKS.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,	No. 58 Main street.
BANK OF BISMARCK,	No. 47 Main street.
FURNITURE.	
J. C. CADY,	No. 19 North Third street.
LAMBERT & LAVINE,	No. 41 Main street.
TAILORS.	
T. J. TULLY,	No. 28 Main street.
GOULD & DAHL,	No. 30½ Main street.
SAMPLE ROOMS.	
ASA FISHER,	Wholesale Liquors, No. 94 Main street.
LOUIS WESTHAUSER,	No. 22 Main street.
WM. BERKLEMAN & CO.,	No. 28½ Main street.
QUINLAN & HALLORAN,	No. 56 Main street.
C. R. WILLIAMS,	No. 52 Main street.
MISCELLANEOUS.	
BAKER & GOODING,	City Bottling Works, Front street, between Fourth and Fifth.
J. H. MARSHALL,	Boots and Shoes, No. 46 Main street.
A. W. DRIGGS,	Painter, No. 6 West Main street.
GEO. C. GIBBS & CO.,	Blacksmithing, Corner Third and Thayer streets.
RACEK BROS.,	Harness Makers, 46½ Main street.
F. J. CALL,	Insurance Agent, No. 14 South Third street.
GEO. LOUNSBERRY,	News Stand, Postoffice.
CONN MALLOY,	Livery Stable, No. 17 North Fourth street.

MANDAN BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CARPENTER & CARY,	Law and Real Estate.
WALTER DRAPER,	Hardware.
FRANK FARNSWORTH,	Dry Goods.
WARD & BAHR,	Dry Goods.
MEAD & CARR,	Real Estate Agents.
F. M. FRENCH,	Lumber Dealer.
HAGER BROS.,	Lumber Dealers.
B. L. WINSTON & CO.,	Druggists.
M. LANG,	Groceries.
L. GILL,	Wines and Liquors.
H. McBRATNEY,	Sample Room.
E. H. MURRAY,	Sign and Carriage Painter.
T. J. MITCHELL,	Real Estate Agent.

ST. PAUL BUSINESS CARDS.

CRAIG & LARKIN—Importers and dealers in Crockery, French China, Glassware, Lamps, Looking Glasses, and House Furnishing Goods. Third street, St. Paul.

PERKINS & LYONS—Importers and dealers in Fine Wines and Liquors, Old Brandies and Rye Whiskies, California Wines and Brandies, Scotch Ale, Dublin and London Porter. No. 31 Robert street, St. Paul.

MINNEAPOLIS CARDS.

MERCHANTS HOTEL—Corner of Third street and First Avenue North. \$2 per day, located in the very center of business, two blocks from the post office and suspension bridge. Street cars to all depots and all parts of the city pass within one block of the house. J. LAMONT, Prop.

JOHN C. OSWALD,
Wholesale Dealer in

Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
17 Washington Ave., Minn.

LIVERY STABLE.

OSTLAND'S

Livery & Feed Stable,
Cor. Fifth and Main Sts.

Buggies and Saddle-Horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates. My Buggies and Harness are new, and of the best manufacture and style, and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any given point can be accommodated at fair rates. My stable is large and airy, and accommodations for boarding stock the best in the country.

CLOTHING.

MATHES, GOOD & SCHURMEIER,
THE LARGEST

TAILORING
ESTABLISHMENT

In the Northwest.
Importers and Jobbers of

Fine Woolens & Trimmings,
82 Jackson St.
St. Paul, Minn.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

METHODIST CHURCH—Services every Sunday to the new church on 5th street, at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at the parsonage at 8 p. m. J. M. BULL, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Sunday service at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. St. Paul time. All are invited; seats free. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Weekly prayer and teachers' meeting Wednesday evening at 8:15 o'clock. W. C. STEVENS, Pastor.

CATHOLIC CHURCH—First mass, 7:30 a. m.; high mass with sermon, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school 2 p. m.; vespers, exhortation and benediction, 7:30 p. m. Main street, west end. REV. WILLIAMS, Rector.

CHURCH OF THE BREAD OF LIFE (Episcopal)—Rev. J. G. Miller, Rector. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M.—The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No. 16, A. F. & A. M., are held in their hall on the first and third Mondays of each month, at 7 p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.

JOHN DAVIDSON, W. M.
C. A. LOUNSBERRY, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12 are held in Raymond's hall every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited. VALENTINE SCHUECK, N. G.
F. R. DUNK, Sec'y.

ENCAMPMENT, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings of Golden Rule Encampment No. 4 are on the second and fourth Fridays of each month, in Odd Fellows Hall. Visiting members invited to attend. LOUIS HICKLER, C. P.
SIG HANAUER, Scribe.

BISMARCK FIRE COMPANY.

Regular meetings at City Hall on the first Monday in each month at 8 p. m. Seven taps of the bell will be given as a signal.
P. F. MAILLOX, Foreman.
DAVID STEWART, Sec'y.

LOCAL LEADINGS.

It was lively at the levee yesterday. Steamer Big Horn arrived at Glendive last evening. The steamer Benton arrived at Buford last evening. It is rumored that Frank Johnson has sold the O. F. C. restaurant. The Rose Bud and Josephine will ply on the upper waters for the balance of the season. Driggs says it should have been wife and mother-in-law, instead of wife and children. The river is stationary at this point. Three and one-half feet of water reported at Buford. Our worthy expressman, Mr. Cotter, is building a neat little residence on Second street. The marriage of Mr. S. M. Smith and Miss Marr, both of this city, is announced for Tuesday next, 30th inst. The steamer Niobrara arrived from Yankton yesterday. She is now loading, and will leave for the Coal Banks today. Dr. Porter is erecting a two-story building on Third street, which when completed, will be rented for ward school purposes. A new railroad company has been organized in Wisconsin, which will be known as the Green Bay, Stevens Point & Northern. Miss Connor's dressmaking establishment will be closed during her absence, instead of under charge of Miss Tully, as previously stated. Fred Holmbeck is building an addition to his residence on Fourth street, which will both improve the appearance and enhance the value of the property. John Yegen, administrator of the estate of Jacob Wilworth, deceased, notifies claimants to present their bills to him for adjustment within four months from date. Wm. S. Bennett, real estate agent, has six or eight customers wanting to rent residences. Parties having such to let might find it to their interest to call on him. The flag staff and weather vane surmounting the court house should be straightened and braced up from the demoralizing effects of the recent wind and hail storm. Carpenters, carpenters, carpenters, are what is wanted. Many houses and business places are at a standstill for the want of them, and many people are anxious to build. The steamer Josephine left Benton on the 20th. She will connect with the Key West at Cow Island, where the Key Wests freight for Benton will be transferred to her. An infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Thompson was buried yesterday afternoon. The funeral was attended from the house by a large number of sympathizing friends. The glass ball shooting match between the Bismarck and Mandan clubs will take place on the grounds in Mandan on Thursday next, instead of Tuesday as previously stated. There is a man stopping at the Merchants who has business over the river and never goes to his work unless accompanied by some one. He says its too lonely over there for anything. A railroad eating house, two stores, a depot, an elevator and several residences are under contract to be erected at Steele before the middle of October. The town has been struck with an advance tidal

wave of the Fargo boom on its way to Bismarck. Nearly all of the high-priced business and residence lots have been sold, and an increase of ten per cent. on the price of all unsold lots goes into effect September first.

The piles are nearly all driven for the trestle work across the ravine at the foot of Main street, and in fact the eastern approach to Bismarck's mammoth bridge is well along toward completion.

About twenty carpenters are expected by our builders the first of next week, but at least fifty more could find plenty of employment. Hundreds of houses are in need of repairs, and there are over a hundred to be built yet this season.

The steamer Rose Bud left the Coal Banks on the 20th, and will meet the Dacotah at Poplar river. The Dacotah will transfer her Benton freight and passengers to the Rose Bud and will then return to Bismarck.

W. B. Bell will not be in the city when the contest comes off with the Mandan club, and Perkins and Bigelow being absent also, the team will probably consist of the following five members: Van Epps, Howe, Carnahan, Falconer, and Benicke.

Information received from Fort Lincoln yesterday afternoon was to the effect that the troops sent out to compel the return of Sitting Bull renegades to the agency had not returned or been heard from. No telegraphic information could be received from Fort Yates.

Although poorly attended, the practice shoot of the gun club last evening was better than any previous. Out of a possible 25 balls, Bell got 25; Van Epps, 23; and little Mc did himself proud in coming to the front with 21 broken balls in succession.

A party consisting of A. S. Van Epps, J. D. Wakeman, W. E. Jones and J. Jones started for the west this morning to head off Sitting Bull's young bucks. They will be absent until Saturday night, and some pretty long yarns may be expected from them on their return.

Two families, consisting of about fifteen persons are loading their worldly effects on board the cars at this place, and will go to Montana, near Bozeman. They are from Wells, Minn., and are headed by C. L. Hassett. After reaching the terminus of the railroad they will go by prairie schooner the balance of the way.

Sig. Hanauer has been absent several weeks in the eastern cities, and although enjoying his visit, as he usually does, he has given considerable attention to his numerous patrons, judging from the large number of boxes of goods being unpacked daily at his establishment. He will return to-morrow or Saturday, and then things will boom at the St. Paul branch clothing house as they have never boomed before.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Capt. J. W. Raymond and E. H. Bly returned from Yankton last evening.

Capt. Joseph Leighton arrived last evening from St. Paul en route to Glendive.

Frank Mead leaves this morning for Yankton to complete his journal of the last session.

Capt. Constance Williams and Lieut. English, of Ft. Lincoln, spent last evening in the city.

H. Hagens, of Ft. Lincoln, returned last evening from the east. He says the report of his marriage is false.

Dr. G. E. Bushnell, U. S. A., came in on last evening's train. Also W. J. Hoffman, of the U. S. Geological survey.

Information is wanted at the postoffice of Bismarck, D. T., of the whereabouts of John C. Dunn, formerly of Kingsbury, Iowa.

Mrs. H. F. Douglass came up from Ft. Yates yesterday for the Niobrara, and will accompany her husband on a trip to Glendive this morning.

Cunductor Comstock's many friends are glad to see him back. He is now looking after the man who circulated the report along the line that he had deserted his bachelorhood.

Commodore Kountz, of Allegheny City, who has the contract for carrying Indian supplies on the Missouri river, arrived last evening to look after the loading of the Gen. Thompsons and Niobrara. The commodore owns the Allegheny Mail, which takes occasion now and then to "dish up" rival steamboat lines to the Queen's taste.

A Bismarck-Mandan Ferry.

Capt. R. R. Abrams, of Brownsdale, Pa., and Wm. Braithwaite, of this city, write THE TRIBUNE from Omaha that they have just completed negotiations for the purchase of the steamer Undine, which they will hereafter run as a ferry-boat between Bismarck and Mandan. It is 125 feet long and 38 feet wide, and will comfortably carry twenty, two horse teams. It will leave Omaha about September 1st, and go into service immediately upon its arrival here. It will prove a great convenience and a profitable investment for the owners.

SITTING BULL.

Bill Nye Tells How he Proposes to Establish a Picturesque Line of Suburban Cemeteries.

And How Easily the Serious Drawback to the Massacre Industry may be Overcome

An Interesting Address.

Bill Nye's Boomerang publishes the following as the probable speech of Sitting Bull upon his return to his people from the Fort Yates agency:

Warriors of my people:—I have just completed by last grand farewell surrender to the paleface. It was the greatest effort of my life. With my people I have made several bridal tours into the British possessions, and now I have returned to the domain of our Great Father, completing the most dazzling and efulgent semi-annual constellation of surrenders that the world has ever known.

I wish to thank the people of my tribe for their uniform obedience and perfect faith in me, without which the grand round of surrenders would have been a failure.

I desire to thank the members of the press throughout the country for the aid and encouragement extended by them all. Whenever I sent a special to any paper, stating that I had once more surrendered, it was always generously paid for and published. By this means I have inaugurated a system of co-operative and attractive surrenders that has been the envy of the civilized world.

The military posts, too, of both American and the northern possessions of Great Britain have been increased until the fatigue and suffering necessary in order to surrender to remote military camps have been largely done away with. There has been no time in the history of the northwest when the comfort and convenience of surrendering hostiles have been so carefully considered as now.

It is so arranged that Indians on the war-path, if overtaken by stress of weather or infrequency of grub, may by a few day's easy journey, reach a military post or cantonment, to which they may surrender and be clothed and fed.

The Sioux picnic has been brought to a state of perfection which guarantees to them much-abused and imposed upon hostile a fair share of mental relaxation and pastoral peace, without the impending starvation which has been heretofore a serious drawback to the massacre industry.

I hope by another season to so plan our summer vacation that we may establish a continuous line of picturesque suburban cemeteries along the entire boundary between the United States and the provinces.

I shall so arrange that at suitable outposts we will accomplish the customary object of surrender and secure the repose and government chuck which we require.

Our style of humility and broken-hearted contrite spirit for next season will be much the same as heretofore, with such additions and changes as the circumstances may seem to require.

The North Pacific.

A PLAIN STATEMENT.

Gen. T. F. Oakes, Vice-President of the North Pacific road, arrived in this city Monday morning on the thirty-seventh day of his trip along the constructed and projected line of this road from the ocean to the great lakes. Crossing the river about 5:30 a. m., Mr. Oakes, in company with Chief Engineer Morrison, spent two or three hours in examining the site of the bridge and in viewing the work of sinking the first caisson which has been commenced. He was enthusiastic over the site chosen and the advantages afforded by the character of the Bismarck bank of the river in guaranteeing a permanent and easy approach. After viewing the bridge, Mr. Oakes boarded his special car and rode into town, where, for half an hour he met a number of prominent citizens, and expressed to the TRIBUNE reporter a few of his impressions of the great road of which he is already the

GENERAL MANAGER IN FACT, and, if reports are true, will be as well in name after the September meeting in New York. Mr. Oakes' observations have been practical and thorough, and his tour has given him more than a birds-eye view of the country. His observations have been carefully noted and will be referred to as a basis for the practical suggestions and recommendations that he will make to Mr. Villard when they meet at St. Paul in September, to consult as to the eastern terminus, and together take a trip to the end of the track. Said Mr. Oakes to the TRIBUNE reporter:

"Why, the mining interests of Montana that must pay tribute to the North Pacific will pay the running expenses of this road and a dividend besides. There is enough ore in sight to guarantee this statement for at least twenty years."

"When will the road be completed?"

said the reporter.

"Well, I think in three years, although Mr. Villard puts the date of completion during the year 1882, and he is a man who generally accomplishes what he undertakes."

In the course of the conversation Gen. Oakes expatiated upon the splendid financial condition of the North Pacific. This he made evident by a contrast with the Union and Central Pacific. When completed, he said, that the indebtedness of the North Pacific would be

LESS THAN HALF

that of the Union and Central Pacific.

In round numbers the Union Pacific has an indebtedness of about \$65,000,000, and the Central Pacific one of about \$80,000,000—making a total of about \$145,000,000. On the other hand, the existing bonded indebtedness of the North Pacific is only \$24,500,000, and Gen. Oakes estimates that it will only require \$20,000,000 more to complete the road.

The land grant alone of the North Pacific is

AN EMPIRE IN ITSELF.

We all know the value of its lands in Montana, and Gen. Oakes considers those of Dakota even more valuable.

When it is remembered that the North Pacific, when completed will be a much shorter route across the continent than the Union and Central Pacific; that it will run through a region richer in mineral and agricultural resources, and will bring the vast commerce of China and Japan about 800 miles nearer to New York than the route by San Francisco, its contrast with the Union and Central Pacific

BECOMES EVEN MORE FAVORABLE.

The following problem is then one of easy solution. If the Union and Central Pacific have an aggregate indebtedness of \$145,000,000 and an aggregate capital stock of \$155,000,000 and both bonds and stock bear a premium in the market, what must be the value of the bonds and stock of the North Pacific—a more valuable continental road—when its total bonded debt will only reach \$45,000,000 and its total stock is fixed at \$100,000,000.

This conundrum was propounded just as the train was about to move away, and therefore remained unanswered. Mr. Oakes is thus far even better pleased with Dakota than Montana, but other than the above would not speak about the present and future plans of the management. He did, however, say that the Helena or Pipestone pass would undoubtedly be adopted across the mountains, and with that he bade adieu to Bismarck, and seated himself for a car window survey of the Dakota prairies and bonanza farms.

Mr. Oakes stated that during his entire journey, including the travel of many miles across the mountain roads, that he had not met with a single mishap, and was especially unbounded in his enthusiasm when speaking of the national park. Here, he said, you have congregated all of the natural attractions of the globe, the mountains, prairies, geysers, hot springs, etc., are all brought together in one grand conglomeration. Here you can see in a few days what would take you months to see in other parts of the world. Mr. Oakes stated he would favor the immediate building of a branch line into the Yellowstone park, believing that it would even now pay a handsome profit if constructed.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Postoffice at Bismarck, D. T., August 22, 1881, and if not called for in 30 days will be sent to the Dead Letter office, Washington, D. C.

Acott, Thomas
Bosharu, Frank, 2
Benton, Justin B 2
Buckhart, J
Brisline, John
Bates, Jay
Biskford, Joseph
Brown, John
Bradley, M A
Byrno, Patrick (care
Mrs. M. Smith)
Bean, S L
Campbell, Archie
Crozier, C V
Clark, Mrs Richard
or Ellen
Curry, Eugene
Capron, J E
Connors, Mike
Clark, M D
Christian, Thomas
Daustrom, Carl
Doren, B
Dickerson, Henry A
DeBorde, Wm
Elliasen, Hans M
Evans, Robert
Fertis, Emma
Falke, Holbot
Finnegan, John P
George, C M
Gustafsen, Ernest
Goodman, John
Gager, James
Gordon, Jas
Gallman, Michael
Gardner, Bros
Howell, Arthur
Hilton, C D
Hull, Harry E
Henry, Geo A
Higgins, John
Hayes, Michael
Hatten, T J
Hirsch, Wm
Jackson, John W
Kenyon, C M
Klecker, Frank
Knight, Geo N
Kirwin, James
Kenny, John F
Lawyer, J
Lang, John A
Lessele, Joseph
Lebo, Norman
McFadden, Henry
Milligan, John
McGann, John 2
More, Miss Lizzie
McKenzie, M
Massock, Wm P
Marshall, W D
Nordgun, A W
Neilson, Aman
Olsen, J P
O'Grady, M J
Peterson, A C
Raymond, Chas 3
Richards, Dick 2
Rankin, Wm
Robins, Wm
Steward, Chas
Stewars, Chas
Smith, H
Shurhammer, Geo
Seabry, James
Thompson, John
Tovnlourell, P T
Velleck, John

Persons calling for the above letters will please say "advertised."

HELD FOR POSTAGE.

John Plattner, Schweiz St. Graubunter, Engadin Lampfer, Europe.

Irwin Olsen Spitsomala, Holmsgo, Sweden.

Kaisa Lena Peterson Baskaholt, Holmsgo, Sweden.

C. A. LOUNSBERRY, P. M.

LAND NOTICES.

THE TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, Auditor's Office.

Whereas, the National Fire Insurance Co., pay, located in the city of Hartford, and state of Connecticut, has filed in this office a sworn statement on the 31st day of December, A. D. 1880, in accordance with the provisions of an act of the legislative assembly of the territory of Dakota, relating to insurance companies, approved February 18, 1877; and

Whereas, on examination of the sworn statement of said company filed in this office, I find that the said insurance company is possessed of the necessary amount of capital invested as required by law.

Therefore, I, L. M. Purdy, auditor of Dakota territory, do hereby certify that said insurance company is duly authorized to transact the business of fire insurance in said territory for the year ending December 31, 1881, Frank J. Call properly appointed agent at Bismarck, Burleigh county, D. T.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 6th day of August, 1881.

L. M. Purdy, Auditor.

Notice of Contest.

U. S. Land Office, Bismarck, Dak., August 10, 1881.

Complaint having been entered at this office by Agnes H. Cronkhite against Wm. B. Martin for abandoning his Homestead Entry No. 196, dated September 1, 1880, upon the n. e. quarter section 20, township 139 n., range 926 in Kidder county, D. T., with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 24th day of October, 1881, at 9 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

JOHN H. REA, Register.

EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

Note.—The fact and date of served upon the homestead settler should be indorsed on this notice.

Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits.

Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which Ayer's Sarsaparilla enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain in its remedial effects, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Bells, Humors, Yimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders arising from impurity of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to-day the most available medicine for the suffering sick, anywhere. For sale by all dealers.

Administrator's Notice.

Territory of Dakota, County of Burleigh, ss. In Probate Court in the matter of the estate of Jacob Wilworth, deceased.

No ice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the above estate must exhibit them to the undersigned administrator, with the necessary vouchers, at his place of Bismarck, D. T., within four months of the date of the first publication of this notice, or else said claims will be forever barred.

JOHN YEGEN, Administrator.

J. E. CCARLAND, Atty for said estate.

The Sunday Magazine.

The number for September affords pleasant, instructive, entertaining and edifying reading—not for Sunday only, but for every day in the week. The leading article is entitled "American Benefactors," by James Lawrence Bowdoin, LL. B. It has thirteen illustrations, with portraits of William B. Astor, H. H. Warner, Prof. Swift, Daniel Drew, etc., etc. "The Wallahains," with ten illustrations; "Mauritius," with five illustrations; and "The Christian Church at Washington, D. C.," are particularly noteworthy articles. Mrs. Robert O'Reilly concluded her highly interesting serial, "Out of the World;" there are no short stories and sketches by M. V. Denison and other popular writers, and some admirable essays by W. C. Proctor, Marcus Dods, D. D., Rev. Dr. Deems, etc., etc. A single copy is sold for 25 cents; annual subscription, \$5, postpaid. Address: Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 54, 55, and 57 Park Place, New York.

\$25 TO \$50 PER DAY!

can easily be made by using the celebrated

Victor Well Auger and Rock Boring machinery

in any part of the country

We mean it, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact. They are operated by either man, horse or steam power, and bore very rapid. They range in size from three inch to four and one-half feet in diameter, and will bore to any required depth. They will bore successfully and satisfactorily in all kinds of earth, soft sand and limestone, bituminous stone coal, slate, hard pan gravel, lava, builders' serpentine and conglomerate rock, and granite to make the very best of wells in quick sand. They are light running, simple in construction, easily operated, durable, and acknowledged as the best and most practical machine extant. They are endorsed by some of the highest state officials. We contract for prospecting for coal, gold, silver, coal oil and all kinds of minerals; also for sinking artesian wells and coal shafts. We also furnish engines, boilers, wind mills, hydraulic rams, horse powers, brick machines, mining tools, portable forges, rock drills and machinery of all kinds.

Good active agents wanted in every country in the world. Address

Western Machinery Supply Depot, 511 Walnut street, St. Louis, U. S. A.

State in what paper you saw this. 13-17

Madame Leveux's Luxuria

Restores and enlarges the female bust. The only warranted remedy in the market. Every lady is invited to send address for circular—sent free. Miller & Co., 179 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.